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LATHMON:

A
POEM.

LA T H M O N



LATHMON:

A POEM. *)

Selma, thy halls are silent, There is no sound in the woods of Morven. The wave tumbles alone on the coast. The silent beam of the sun is on the field. The daughters of Morven come forth, like the bow of the show-

*) Lathmon a British prince, taking advantage of Fingal's absence in Ireland, made a descent on Morven, and advanced within sight of Selma the royal palace. Fingal arrived in the mean time, and Lathmon retreated to a hill, where his army was surprised by night, and himself taken prisoner by Ossian and Gaul the son of Morni. This exploit of Gaul and Ossian bears a near resemblance to the beautiful episode of Nisus and Euryalus in Virgil's ninth *Æneid*. The poem opens, with the first appearance of Fingal on the coast of Morven, and ends, it may be supposed, about noon the next day. The first pa-

shower; they look towards green Ullin for the white sails of the king. He had promised to return, but the winds of the north arose.

Who pours from the eastern hill, like a stream of darknets? It is the host of Lathmon. He has heard of the absence of Fingal. He trusts in the wind of the north. His soul brightens with joy. Why dost thou come, Lathmon? The mighty are not in Selma. Why comest thou with thy forward spear? Will the daughters of Morven fight? But stop, o mighty stream, in thy course! Does not Lathmon behold these sails? Why dost thou vanish, Lathmon, like the mist of the lake? But the squally storm is behind thee; Fingal pursues thy steps!

The king of Morven started from sleep, as we rolled on the dark-blue wave. He stretched his hand to his spear, and his heroes rose around. We knew, that he had seen his fathers; for they often descended to his dreams, when the sword of the foe rose over the land, and the battle darkened before us.

Whither

the ragraph is in a lyric measure, and appears to have been sung, of old, to the harp, as a prelude to the narrative part of the poem, which is in heroic verse.

Whither hast thou fled, o wind? said the king of Morven. Dost thou rustle in the chambers of the south, and pursue the shower in other lands? Why dost thou not come to my sails? to the blue face of my seas? The foe is in the land of Morven, and the king is absent. But let each bind on his mail, and each assume his shield. Stretch every spear over the wave; let every sword be unsheathed. Lathmon *) is before us with his host: he that fled **) from Fingal on the plains of Lona. But he returns, like a collected stream, and his roar is between our hills.

Such were the words of Fingal. We rushed into Carmona's bay. Ossian ascended the hill; and thrice struck his bossy shield. The rock

*) It is said, by tradition, that it was the intelligence of Lathmon's invasion, that occasioned Fingal's return from Ireland; though Ossian, more poetically, ascribes the cause of Fingal's knowledge to his dream.

**) He alludes to a battle, wherein Fingal had defeated Lathmon. The occasion of this first war, between those heroes, is told by Ossian in another poem, which the translator has seen.

rock of Morven replied; and the bounding roes came forth. The foes were troubled in my presence: and collected their darkened host; for I stood, like a cloud on the hill, rejoicing in the arms of my youth.

Morni *) sat beneath a tree, at the roaring waters of Strumon **): his locks of age are gray: he leans forward on his staff; young Gaul is near the hero, hearing the battles of his youth. Often did he rise, in the fire of his soul, at the mighty deeds of Morni.

The aged heard the sound of Offian's shield: he knew the sign of battle. He started at once from his place. His gray hair parted on his back. He remembers the actions of other years. My son, he said to fair-haired Gaul, I hear the sound of battle. The king of Morven

*) Morni was chief of a numerous tribe, in the days of Fingal and his father Comhal. The last-mentioned hero was killed in battle against Morni's tribe; but the valour and conduct of Fingal reduced them, at last, to obedience. We find the two heroes perfectly reconciled in this poem.

**) Stru-moné, *stream of the hill*. Here the proper name of a rivulet in the neighbourhood of Selma.

ven is returned, the sign of war is heard. Go to the halls of Strumon, and bring his arms to Morni. Bring the arms which my father wore in his age; for my arm begins to fail. Take thou thy armour, o Gaul; and rush to the first of thy battles. Let thine arm reach to the renown of thy fathers. Be thy course in the field, like the eagle's wing. Why shouldst thou fear death, my son! the valiant fall with fame; their shields turn the dark stream of danger away, and renown dwells on their gray hairs. Dost thou not see, o Gaul, how the steps of my age are honoured? Morni moves forth, and the young meet him, with reverence, and turn their eyes, with silent joy, on his course. But I never fled from danger, my son! my sword lightened through the darkness of battle. The stranger melted before me; the mighty were blasted in my presence.

Gaul brought the arms to Morni: the aged warrior covered himself with steel. He took the spear in his hand, which was often stained with the blood of the valiant. He came towards Fingal, his son attended his steps. The son of Comhal rejoiced over the warrior, when he came in the locks of his age.

King of the roaring Strumon! said the rising joy of Fingal; do I behold thee in arms, after thy strength has failed? Often has Morni shone in battles, like the beam of the rising sun; when he disperses the storms of the hill, and brings peace to the glittering fields. But why didst thou not rest in thine age? Thy renown is in the song. The people behold thee, and bless the departure of mighty Morni. Why didst thou not rest in thine age? For the foe will vanish before Fingal.

Son of Comhal, replied the chief, the strength of Morni's arm has failed. I attempt to draw the sword of my youth, but it remains in its place. I throw the spear, but it falls short of the mark; and I feel the weight of my shield. We decay, like the grass of the mountain, and our strength returns no more. I have a son, o Fingal, his soul has delighted in the actions of Morni's youth; but his sword has not been lifted against the foe, neither has his fame begun. I come with him to battle; to direct his arm. His renown will be a sun to my soul, in the dark hour of my departure. O that the name of Morni were forgot among the people! that the heroes would only say, "Behold the father of Gaul!"

King

King of Strumon, Fingal replied, Gaul shall lift the sword in battle. But he shall lift it before Fingal; my arm shall defend his youth. But rest thou in the halls of Selma, and hear of our renown. Bid the harp be strung; and the voice of the bard arise, that those who fall may rejoice in their fame; and the soul of Morni brighten with gladness. — Ossian! thou hast fought in battles: the blood of strangers is on thy spear; let thy course be with Gaul in the strife: but depart not from the side of Fingal; lest the foe find you alone; and your fame fail at once.

I saw *) Gaul in his arms, and my soul was mixed with his; for the fire of the battle was in his eyes! he looked to the foe with joy. We spoke the words of friendship in secret: and the lightning of our swords poured together; for we drew them behind the wood, and tried the strength of our arms on the empty air.

Night

*) Ossian speaks. The contrast between the old and young heroes is strongly marked. The circumstance of the latter's drawing their swords is well imagined, and agrees with the impatience of young foldiers, just entered upon action.

Night came down on Morven. Fingal sat at the beam of the oak. Morni sat by his side, with all his gray waving locks. Their discourse is of other times, and the actions of their fathers. Three bards, at times, touched the harp; and Ullin was near with his song. He sung of the mighty Comhal; but darkness gathered*) on Morni's brow. He rolled his red eye on Ullin; and the song of the bard ceased. Fingal observed the aged hero, and he mildly spoke.

Chief of Strumon, why that darkness? Let the days of other years be forgot. Our fathers contended in battle; but we meet together, at the feast. Our swords are turned on the foes, and they melt before us on the field. Let the days of our fathers be forgot, king of mossy Strumon.

King

*) Ullin had chosen ill the subject of his song. The darkness which gathered on Morni's brow, did not proceed from any dislike he had to Comhal's name, though they were foes; but from his fear, that the song would awaken Fingal to remembrance of the feuds, which had subsisted of old between the families. Fingal's speech on this occasion abounds with generosity and good sense.

King of Morven, replied the chief, I remember thy father with joy. He was terrible in battle; the rage *) of the chief was deadly. My eyes were full of tears, when the king of heroes fell. The valiant fall, o Fingal, and the feeble remain on the hills. How many heroes have passed away, in the days of Morni! And I did not shun the battle; neither did I fly from the strife of the valiant.

Now let the friends of Fingal rest; for the night is around; that they may rise, with strength, to battle against car-borne Lathmon. I hear the sound of his host, like thunder heard on a distant heath. Ossian! and fair-haired Gaul! ye are swift in the race. Observe the foes of Fingal from that woody hill. But approach them not, your fathers are not near to shield you. Let not your fame fall at once. The valour of youth may fail.

We

*) This expression is ambiguous in the original. It either signifies that Comhal killed many in battle, or that he was implacable in his resentment. The translator has endeavoured to preserve the same ambiguity in the version; as it was probably designed by the poet.

We heard the words of the chief with joy,
and moved in the clang of our arms. Our
steps are on the woody hill. Heaven burns
with all its stars. The meteors of death fly
over the field. The distant noise of the foe
reached our ears. It was then Gaul spoke, in
his valour; his hand half-unsheathed the sword.

Son of Fingal, he said, why burns the
soul of Gaul? My heart beats high. My steps
are disordered; and my hand trembles on my
sword. When I look towards the foe, my soul
lightens before me, and I see their sleeping
host. Tremble thus the souls of the valiant in
battles of the spear? — How would the soul
of Morni rise, if we should rush on the foe!
Our renown would grow in the song; and our
steps be stately in the eyes of the brave.

Son of Morni, I replied, my soul delights
in battle. I delight to shine in battle alone,
and to give my name to the bards. But what,
if the foe should prevail; shall I behold the
eyes of the king? They are terrible in his dis-
pleasure, and like the flames of death. —
But I will not behold them in his wrath. Offi-
an shall prevail or fall. But shall the fame of
the

the vanquished rise? — They pass away like a shadow. But the fame of Ossian shall rise. His deeds shall be like his fathers. Let us rush in our arms; son of Morni, let us rush to battle. Gaul! if thou shalt return, go to Selma's lofty wall. Tell to Evirallin, *) that I fell with fame; carry this sword to Branno's daughter. Let her give it to Oscar, when the years of his youth shall arise.

Son of Fingal, Gaul replied with a sigh; shall I return after Ossian is low? — What would my father say, and Fingal king of men? The feeble would turn their eyes and say, "Behold the mighty Gaul, who left his friend "in his blood!" Ye shall not behold me, ye feeble, but in the midst of my renown. Ossian! I have heard from my father the mighty deeds of heroes; their mighty deeds when alone; for the soul increases in danger.

Son of Morni, I replied, and strode before him on the heath; our fathers shall praise our valour, when they mourn our fall. A beam of glad-

*) Ossian had married her a little time before. The story of his courtship of this lady is introduced, as an episode, in the fourth book of Fingal.

gladness shall rise on their souls, when their eyes are full of tears. They will say, "Our sons have not fallen like the grass of the field, for they spread death around them" —

But why should we think of the narrow house? The sword defends the valiant. But death pursues the flight of the feeble; and their renown is not heard.

We rushed forward through night; and came to the roar of a stream, which bent its blue course round the foe, through trees that echoed to its noise; we came to the bank of the stream, and saw the sleeping host. Their fires were decayed on the plain; and the lonely steps of their scouts were distant far. I stretched my spear before me, to support my steps over the stream. But Gaul took my hand, and spoke the words of the valiant.

Shall *) the son of Fingal rush on a sleeping foe? Shall he come like a blast by night, when

*) This proposal of Gaul is much more noble, and more agreeable to true heroism, than the behaviour of Ulysses and Diomed in the Iliad, or that of Nisus and Euryalus in the Æneid. What his valour and generosity suggested, became the founda-

when it overturns the young trees in secret? Fingal did not thus receive his fame, nor dwells renown on the gray hairs of Morni, for actions like these. Strike, Ossian, strike the shield of battle, and let their thousands rise. Let them meet Gaul in his first battle, that he may try the strength of his arm.

My soul rejoiced over the warrior, and my bursting tears descended. And the foe shall meet Gaul, I said: the fame of Morni's son shall arise. But rush not too far, my hero: let the gleam of thy steel be near to Ossian. Let our hands join in slaughter. — Gaul! dost thou not behold that rock? Its gray side dimly gleams to the stars. If the foe shall prevail, let our back be towards the rock. Then shall they fear to approach our spears; for death is in our hands.

I struck

foundation of his success. For the enemy being dismayed with the sound of Ossian's shield, which was the common signal of battle, thought that Fingal's whole army came to attack them; so that they fly in reality from an army, not from two heroes; which reconciles the story to probability.

I struck thrice my ecchoing shield. The starting foe arose. We rushed on in the sound of our arms. Their crowded steps fly over the heath: for they thought that the mighty Fingal came; and the strength of their arms withered away. The sound of their flight was like that of flame, when it rushes through the blasted groves.

It was then the spear of Gaul flew in its strength: it was then his sword arose. Cremor fell; and mighty Leth. Dunthormo struggled in his blood. The steel rushed through Crotha's side, as bent, he rose, on his spear; the black stream poured from the wound, and hissed on the half-extinguished oak. Cathmin saw the steps of the hero behind him, and ascended a blasted tree; but the spear pierced him from behind. Shrieking, panting, he fell; moss and withered branches pursue his fall, and strew the blue arms of Gaul.

Such were thy deeds, son of Morni, in the first of thy battles. Nor slept the sword by thy side, thou last of Fingal's race! Ossian rushed forward in his strength, and the people fell before him; as the grass by the staff of the boy, when he whistles along the field, and the

gray

gray beard of the thistle falls. But careless the youth moves on; his steps are towards the desert.

Gray morning rose around us, the winding streams are bright along the heath. The foe gathered on a hill; and the rage of Lathmon rose. He bent the red eye of his wrath: he is silent in his rising grief. He often struck his bossy shield; and his steps are unequal on the heath. I saw the distant darkness of the hero, and I spoke to Morni's son.

Car-borne*) chief of Strumon, dost thou behold the foe? They gather on the hill in their wrath. Let our steps be towards the king **). He shall rise in his strength, and the host of Lathmon vanish. Our fame is around us, warrior, the eyes of the aged ***) will rejoice. But let us fly, son of Morni; Lathmon descends the hill.

Then

*) Car-borne is a title of honour bestowed, by Ossian, indiscriminately on every hero; as every chief, in his time, kept a chariot or litter by way of state,

**) Fingal.

***) Fingal and Morni.

Then let our steps *) be slow, replied the fair haired Gaul; lest the foe say, with a smile, "Behold the warriors of night, they are, like "ghosts, terrible in darkness, but they melt "away before the beam of the east." Ossian, take the shield of Gormar who fell beneath thy spear; that the aged heroes may rejoice, when they shall behold the actions of their sons.

Such were our words on the plain, when Sulmath **) came to car-borne Lathmon: Sulmath chief of Dutha at the dark-rolling stream of Duvranna ***). Why dost thou not rush, son

*) The behaviour of Gaul, throughout this poem, is that of a hero in the most exalted sense. The modesty of Ossian, concerning his own actions, is not less remarkable than his impartiality with regard to Gaul; for it is well known, that Gaul afterwards rebelled against Fingal, which might be supposed to have bred prejudices against him in the breast of Ossian. But as Gaul, from an enemy, became Fingal's firmest friend and greatest hero, the poet passes over one slip in his conduct, on account of his many virtues.

**) Suil-mhath, a man of good eye-fight.

***) Dubh-bhranna, dark mountain-stream. What river went by this name, in the days of Ossian, is

Son of Nuäth, with a thousand of thy heroes?
 Why dost thou not descend with thy host, be-
 fore the warriors fly? Their blue arms are
 beaming to the rising light, and their steps are
 before us on the heath.

Son of the feeble hand, said Lathmon,
 shall my host descend? They *) are but two
 son

is not easily ascertained, at this distance of time.
 A river in Scotland, which falls into the sea at
 Banff, still retains the name of Duvran. If that
 is meant, by Ossian, in this passage, Lathmon
 must have been a prince of the Pictish nation,
 or those Caledonians who inhabited of old the
 eastern coast of Scotland.

*) Ossian seldom fails to give his heroes, though
 enemies, that generosity of temper, which, it ap-
 pears from his poems, was a conspicuous part
 of his own character. Those who too much
 despise their enemies, do not reflect, that, the mo-
 re they take from the valour of their foes, the
 less merit they have themselves in conquering
 them. The custom of depreciating enemies is
 not altogether one of the refinements of modern
 heroism. This railing disposition is one of the
 capital faults in Homer's characters, which, by

son of Dutha, and shall a thousand lift their steel? Nuäth would mourn, in his hall, for the departure of his fame. His eyes would turn from Lathmon, when the tread of his feet approached. — Go thou to the heroes, chief of Dutha; for I behold the stately steps of Offian. His fame is worthy of my steel; let him fight with Lathmon,

The noble Sulmath came. I rejoiced in the words of the king. I raised the shield on my arm; and Gaul placed in my hand the sword of Morni. We returned to the murmuring stream; Lathmon came in his strength. His dark host rolled, like the clouds, behind him; but the son of Nuäth was bright in his steel.

Son of Fingal, said the hero, thy fame has grown on our fall. How many lie there of my people by thy hand, thou king of men! Lift now thy spear against Lathmon; and lay the son of Nuäth low. Lay him low among his

the bye, cannot be imputed to the poet, who kept to the manners of the times, of which he wrote. Milton has followed Homer in this respect; but railing is less shocking in infernal spirits, who are the objects of horror, than in heroes, who are set up as patterns of imitation.

his people, or thou thyself must fall. It shall never be told in my halls, that my warriors fell in my presence; that they fell in the presence of Lathmon, when his sword rested by his side: the blue eyes of Cutha *) would roll in tears, and her steps be lonely in the vales of Dunlathmon.

Neither shall it be told, I replied, that the son of Fingal fled. Were his steps covered with darkness, yet would not Ossian fly; his soul would meet him and say, "Does the bard of Selma fear the foe?" No, he does not fear the foe. His joy is in the midst of battle.

Lathmon came on with his spear, and pierced the shield of Ossian. I felt the cold steel at my side; and drew the sword of Morni: I cut the spear in twain; the bright point fell glittering on the ground. The son of Nuäth burnt in his wrath, and lifted high his sounding shield. His dark eyes rolled above it, as bending forward, it shone like a gate of brass. But Ossian's spear pierced the brightness

*) Cutha appears to have been Lathmon's wife or mistress.

ness of its bosses, and sunk in a tree that rose behind. The shield hung on the quivering lance: but Lathmon still advanced. Gaul foresaw the fall of the chief, and stretched his buckler before my sword; when it descended, in a stream of light, over the king of Dunlathmon.

Lathmon beheld the son of Morni, and the tear started from his eye. He threw the sword of his fathers on the ground, and spoke the words of the valiant. Why should Lathmon fight against the first of mortal men? Your souls are beams from heaven; your swords the flames of death. Who can equal the renown of the heroes, whose actions are so great in youth! O that ye were in the halls of Nuäth, in the green dwelling of Lathmon! then would my father say, that his son did not yield to the feeble. — But who comes, a mighty stream, along the echoing heath? the little hills are troubled before him, and a thousand spirits are on the beams of his steel; the spirits *) of those who are to fall by the arm of the king of resounding Morven. — Happy art thou, o Fingal, thy

*) It was thought, in Ossian's time, that each person had his attending spirit. The traditions concerning this opinion are dark and unsatisfactory.

thy sons shall fight thy battles ; they go forth before thee ; and they return with the steps of renown.

Fingal came, in his mildness, rejoicing in secret over the actions of his son. Morni's face brightened with gladness, and his aged eyes looked faintly through the tears of joy. We came to the halls of Selma, and sat round the feast of shells. The maids of the song came into our presence, and the mildly-blushing Evirallin. Her dark hair spread on her neck of snow, her eye rolled in secret on Ossian ; she touched the harp of music, and we blessed the daughter of Branno.

Fingal rose in his place, and spoke to Dunlathmon's battling king. The sword of Trenmor trembled by his side, as he lifted up his mighty arm. Son of Nuäth, he said, why dost thou search for fame in Morven ? We are not of the race of the feeble ; nor do our swords gleam over the weak. When did we come to Dunlathmon, with the sound of war ? Fingal does not delight in battle, though his arm is strong. My renown grows on the fall of the haughty. The lightning of my steel pours on the proud in arms. The battle co-

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mes; and the tombs of the valiant rise; the
tombs of my people rise! O my fathers! and I
at last must remain alone. But I will remain
renowned, and the departure of my soul shall
be one stream of light. Lathmon! retire to
thy place. Turn thy battles to other lands.
The race of Morven are renowned, and their
foes are the sons of the unhappy.

5 N059

OITHO-

OITHONA:

A
POEM.

OLITHON A



—————

OITHONA:

A POEM. *)

Darkness dwells around Dunlathmon, though
 the moon shews half her face on the hill.
 The daughter of night turns her eyes away;
 for

- *) Gaul, the son of Morni, attended Lathmon into his own country, after his being defeated in Morven, as related in the preceding poem. He was kindly entertained by Nuath, the father of Lathmon, and fell in love with his daughter Oithona. — The lady was no less enamoured of Gaul, and a day was fixed for their marriage. In the mean time Fingal, preparing for an expedition into the country of the Britons, sent for Gaul. He obeyed, and went; but not without promising to Oithona, to return, if he survived the war, by a certain day. — Lathmon too was obliged to attend his father Nuath in his wars, and Oithona was left alone at Dunlathmon, the seat of the family. — Dunrom-math,

for she beholds the grief that is coming. —
 The son of Morni is on the plain; but there
 is

math, lord of Uthal, supposed to be one of the Orkneys, taking advantage of the absence of her friends, came and carried off, by force, Oithóna, who had formerly rejected his love, into Tromáthon, a desert island, where he concealed her in a cave.

Gaul returned on the day appointed; heard of the rape, and sailed to Tromáthon, to revenge himself on Dunrommath. When he landed, he found Oithóna disconsolate, and resolved not to survive the loss of her honour. — She told him the story of her misfortunes, and she scarce ended, when Dunrommath, with his followers, appeared at the further end of the island. Gaul prepared to attack him, recommending to Oithóna to retire, till the battle was over. — She seemingly obeyed; but she secretly armed herself, rushed into the thickest of the battle, and was mortally wounded. — Gaul pursuing the flying enemy, found her just expiring on the field: he mourned over her, raised her tomb, and returned to Morven. — Thus is the story handed down by tradition; nor is it given with any material difference in the poem, which
 opens

is no sound in the hall. No long-streaming *) beam of light comes trembling through the gloom. The voice of Oithóna **) is not heard amidst the noise of the streams of Duiv-ranna. —

Whither art thou gone in thy beauty, dark-haired daughter of Nuäth? Lathmon is in the field of the valiant. But thou didst promise to remain in the hall; thou didst promise to remain in the hall, till the son of Morni returned. Till he returned from Strumon, to the maid of his love. The tear was on thy cheek at his departure: the sigh rose in secret in thy breast. But thou dost not come to meet him, with songs, with the lightly-trembling sound of the harp. —

Such were the words of Gaul, when he came to Dunlathmon's towers. The gates were open

opens with Gaul's return to Dunlathmon, after the rape of Oithóna.

*) Some gentle taper
— visit us

With thy long levelled rule of streaming light.

MILTON.

*) Oithóna, the virgin of the wave.

open and dark. The winds were blustering in the hall. The trees strowed the threshold with leaves; and the murmur of night was broad. — Sad and silent, at a rock, the son of Morni sat: his soul trembled for the maid; but he knew not whither to turn his course. The son *) of Leth stood at a distance, and heard the winds in his bushy hair. But he did not raise his voice, for he saw the sorrow of Gaul.

Sleep descended on the heroes. The visions of night arose. Oithóna stood in a dream, before the eyes of Morni's son. Her dark hair was loose and disordered: her lovely eye rolled in tears. Blood stained her snowy arm. The robe half hid the wound of her breast. She stood over the chief, and her voice was heard.

Sleeps the son of Morni, he that was lovely in the eyes of Oithóna? Sleeps Gaul at the distant rock, and the daughter of Nuäth low? The sea rolls round the dark isle of Tromáthon; I sit in my tears in the cave. Nor do

*) Morlo, the son of Leth, is one of Fingal's most famous heroes. He and three other men attended Gaul on his expedition to Tromáthon.

do I sit alone, o Gaul, the dark chief of Cu-
thal is there. He is there in the rage of his
love. — And what can Oithóna do?

A rougher blast rushed through the oak.
The dream of night departed. Gaul took his
aspen spear; he stood in the rage of wrath.
Often did his eyes turn to the east, and accuse
the lagging light. — At length the morn-
ing came forth. The hero lifted up the sail.
The winds came rustling from the hill; and he
bounded on the waves of the deep. — On
the third day arose Tromáthōn *), like a blue
shield in the midst of the sea. The white wave
roared against its rocks; sad Oithóna sat on the
coast.

*) ἐφάνη ὄρεα σκιδέντα

Γαίης Φαίηκων, —————

— ὥς ὅτε ῥινον ἐν ἡεροιδεῖ πόντῳ.

HOM. Od. v. 280.

Then swell'd to sight Phæacia's dusky coast,
And woody mountains half in vapours lost;
That lay before him indistinct and vast,
Like a broad shield amid the watry waste.
Trom-thón, heavy or deep-sounding wave.

coast. She looked on the rolling waters, and her tears descended. — But when she saw Gaul in his arms, she started and turned her eyes away. Her lovely cheek is bent and red; her white arm trembles by her side. — Thrice she strove to fly from his presence; but her steps failed her as she went.

Daughter of Nuäth, said the hero, why dost thou fly from Gaul? Do my eyes send forth the flame of death? Or darkens hatred in my soul? Thou art to me the beam of the east rising in a land unknown. But thou coverest thy face with sadness, daughter of high Dunlathmon! Is the foe of Oithóna near? My soul burns to meet him in battle. The sword trembles on the side of Gaul, and longs to glitter in his hand. — Speak, daughter of Nuäth, dost thou not behold my tears?

Car-borne chief of Strumon, replied the fighting maid, why comest thou over the dark-blue wave to Nuäth's mournful daughter? Why did I not pass away in secret, like the flower of the rock, that lifts its fair head unseen, and strows its withered leaves on the blast? Why didst thou come, o Gaul, to hear my departing

ing sigh? I pass away in my youth; and my name shall not be heard. Or it will be heard with sorrow, and the tears of Nuäth will fall. Thou wilt be sad, son of Morni, for the fallen fame of Oithóna. But she shall sleep in the narrow tomb, far from the voice of the mourner. — Why didst thou come, chief of Strumon, to the sea-beat rocks of Tromáthon?

I came to meet thy foes, daughter of car-borne Nuäth! the death of Cuthal's chief darkens before me; or Morni's son shall fall. — Oithóna! when Gaul is low, raise my tomb on that oozy rock; and when the dark-bounding ship shall pass, call the sons of the sea; call them, and give this sword, that they may carry it to Morni's hall; that the grey-haired hero may cease to look towards the desert for the return of his son.

And shall the daughter of Nuäth live? she replied with a bursting sigh. Shall I live in Tromáthon, and the son of Morni low? My heart is not of that rock; nor my soul careless as that sea, which lifts its blue waves to every wind, and rolls beneath the storm. The blast which shall lay thee low, shall spread the branches of Oithóna on earth. We shall wither to-

gether, son of car-borne Morni! — The narrow house is pleasant to me, and the gray stone of the dead: for never more will I leave thy rocks, sea-surrounded Tromáthon! — Night *) came on with her clouds, after the departure of Lathmon, when he went to the wars of his fathers, to the moss-covered rock of Duthórmoth; night came on, and I sat in the hall, at the beam of the oak. The wind was abroad in the trees. I heard the sound of arms. Joy rose in my face; for I thought of thy return. It was the chief of Cuthal, the red-haired strength of Dunrommath. His eyes rolled in fire: the blood of my people was on his sword. They who defended Oithóna, fell by the gloomy chief. — What could I do? My arm was weak; it could not lift the spear. He took me in my grief, amidst my tears he raised the sail. He feared the returning strength of Lathmon, the brother of unhappy Oithóna. — But behold, he comes with his people! the dark wave is divided before him! — Whither wilt thou turn thy steps, son of Morni? Many are the warriors of Dunrommath!

My steps never turned from battle, replied the hero, as he unsheathed his sword; and shall I begin

*) Oithóna relates, how she was carried away by Dunrommath.

I begin to fear, Oithóna, when thy foes are near? Go to thy cave, daughter of Nuäth, till our battle cease. Son of Leth, bring the bows of our fathers; and the sounding quiver of Mor-ni. Let our three warriors bend the yew. Ourselves will lift the spear. They are an host on the rock; but our souls are strong.

The daughter of Nuäth went to the cave: a troubled joy rose on her mind, like the red path of the lightning on a stormy cloud — Her soul was resolved, and the tear was dried from her wildly-looking eye. — Dunrommath slowly approached; for he saw the son of Mor-ni. Contempt contracted his face, a smile is on his dark-brown cheek; his red eye rolled, half-conceal'd, beneath his shaggy brows.

Whence are the sons of the sea? begun the gloomy chief. Have the winds driven you to the rocks of Tromáthón? Or come you in search of the white-handed daughter of Nuäth? The sons of the unhappy, ye feeble men, come to the hand of Dunrommath. His eyes spare not the weak; and he delights in the blood of strangers. Oithóna is a beam of light, and the chief of Cuthal enjoys it in secret; wouldst thou come on its loveliness like a cloud, son of the feeble

hand? — Thou mayst come, but shalt thou return to the halls of thy fathers?

Dost thou not know me, said Gaul, red-haired chief of Cuthal? Thy feet were swift on the heath, in the battle of car-borne Lathmon; when the sword of Morni's son pursued his host, in Morven's woody land. Dunrommath! thy words are mighty, for thy warriors gather behind thee. But do I fear them, son of pride? I am not of the race of the feeble.

Gaul advanced in his arms; Dunrommath shrunk behind his people. But the spear of Gaul pierced the gloomy chief, and his sword lopped off his head, as it bended in death. — The son of Morni shook it thrice by the lock; the warriors of Dunrommath fled. The arrows of Morven pursued them: ten fell on the mossy rocks. The rest lift the sounding sail, and bound on the echoing deep.

Gaul advanced towards the cave of Oithóna. He beheld a youth leaning against a rock. An arrow had pierced his side; and his eye rolled faintly beneath his helmet. — The soul of Morni's son is sad, he came and spoke the words of peace.

Can

Can the hand of Gaul heal thee, youth of the mournful brow? I have searched for the herbs of the mountains; I have gathered them on the secret banks of their streams. My hand has closed the wound of the valiant, and their eyes have blessed the son of Morni. Where dwelt thy fathers, warrior? Were they of the sons of the mighty? Sadness shall come, like night, on thy native streams; for thou art fallen in thy youth. —

My fathers, replied the stranger, were of the sons of the mighty; but they shall not be sad; for my fame is departed like morning-mist. High walls rise on the banks of Duv-ranna; and see their mossy towers in the stream; a rock ascends behind them with its bending firs. Thou mayst behold it far distant. There my brother dwells. He is renowned in battle: give him this glittering helmet.

The helmet fell from the hand of Gaul; for it was the wounded Oithóna. She had armed herself in the cave, and came in search of death. Her heavy eyes are half-closed; the blood pours from her side. —

Son of Morni, she said, prepare the narrow tomb. Sleep comes, like a cloud, on my

40 OITHONA: A POEM.

soul. The eyes of Oithóna are dim. O had I dwelt at Duvranna, in the bright beam of my fame! then had my years come on with joy; and the virgins would bless my steps. But I fall in youth, son of Morni, and my father shall blush in his hall. —

She fell pale on the rock of Tromáthon. The mournful hero raised her tomb. — He came to Morven; but we saw the darkness of his soul. Ossian took the harp in the praise of Oithóna. The brightness of the face of Gaul returned. But his sigh rose, at times, in the midst of his friends, like blasts that shake their unfrequent wings, after the stormy winds are laid.

CROMA:

CROMA:

A

POEM.

C R O M A

P O E M

C R O M A:

A P O E M. *)

It was the voice of my love! few are his visits to the dreams of Malvina! Open your airy halls, ye fathers of mighty Toscar. Unfold the gates of your clouds; the steps of Mal-

*) Malvina the daughter of Toscar is overheard by Offian, lamenting the death of Oscar her lover. Offian, to divert her grief, relates his own actions in an expedition, which he undertook, at Fingal's command, to aid Crothar the petty king of Croma, a country in Ireland, against Rothmar who invaded his dominions. The story is delivered down thus, in tradition. Crothar king of Croma being blind with age, and his son too young for the field, Rothmar the chief of Tromlo resolved to avail himself, of the opportunity offered of annexing the dominions of Crothar to his own. He accordingly marched into the country subject to Crothar, but which he held

Malvina's departure are near. I have heard a voice in my dream. I feel the fluttering of my soul. Why didst thou come, o blast, from the dark-rolling of the lake? Thy rustling wing was in the trees, the dream of Malvina departed. But she beheld her love, when his robe of mist flew on the wind; the beam of the sun was on his skirts, they glittered like the gold of the stranger. It was the voice of my love! few are his visits to my dreams!

But thou dwellest in the soul of Malvina, son of mighty Ossian. My sighs arise with the beam of the east; my tears descend with the drops of night. I was a lovely tree, in thy presen-

held of Arth or Artho, who was, at the time, supreme king of Ireland.

Crothar being, on account of his age and blindness, unfit for action, sent for aid to Fingal king of Scotland; who ordered his son Ossian to the relief of Crothar. But before his arrival Fovar-gormo, the son of Crothar, attacking Rothmar, was slain himself, and his forces totally defeated. Ossian renewed the war; came to battle, killed Rothmar, and routed his army. Croma being thus delivered of its enemies, Ossian returned to Scotland,

presence, Oscar, with all my branches round me: but thy death came like a blast from the desert, and laid my green head low; the spring returned with its showers, but no leaf of mine arose. The virgins saw me silent in the hall, and they touched the harp of joy. The tear was on the cheek of Malvina; the virgins beheld me in my grief. Why art thou sad, they said; thou first of the maids of Lutha? Was he lovely as the beam of the morning, and stately in thy sight?

Pleasant is thy song in Ossian's ear, daughter of streamy Lutha! Thou hast heard the music of departed bards in the dream of thy rest, when sleep fell on thine eyes, at the murmur of Moruth *). When thou didst return from the chase, in the day of the sun, thou hast heard the music of the bards, and thy song is lovely. It is lovely, o Malvina, but it melts the soul. There is a joy in grief, when peace dwells in the breast of the sad. But sorrow wastes the mournful, o daughter of Toscar, and their days are few. They fall away, like the flower, on which the sun looks in his strength, after the mildew has passed over it, and its head is heavy with the drops of night.

At-

*) Mor'-ruth, great stream.

Attend to the tale of Ossian, o maid; he remembers the days of his youth.

The king commanded; I raised my sails, and rushed into the bay of Croma; into Croma's sounding bay in lovely Innis-fail. *) High on the coast arose the towers of Crothar king of spears; Crothar renowned in the battles of his youth; but age dwelt then around the chief. Rothmar raised the sword against the hero; and the wrath of Fingal burned. He sent Ossian to meet Rothmar in battle, for the chief of Croma was the companion of his youth.

I sent the bard before me with songs; I came into the hall of Crothar. There sat the hero amidst the arms of his fathers, but his eyes had failed. His gray locks waved around a staff, on which the warrior leaned. He hummed the song of other times, when the sound of our arms reached his ears. Crothar rose, stretched his aged hand, and blessed the son of Fingal.

Ossian! said the hero, the strength of Crothar's arm has failed. O could I lift the sword, as on the day that Fingal fought at Strutha! He was the first of mortal men; but Crothar had

*) *Innis-fail*, one of the ancient names of Ireland.

had also his fame. The king of Morven praised me, and he placed on my arm the bossy shield of Calthar, whom the hero had slain in war. Dost thou not behold it on the wall? for Crothar's eyes have failed. Is thy strength, like thy father's, Ossian? let the aged feel thine arm.

I gave my arm to the king; he feels it with his aged hands. The sigh rose in his breast, and his tears descended. Thou art strong, my son, he said, but not like the king of Morven. But who is like that hero among the mighty in war! Let the feast of my halls be spread; and let my bards raise the song. Great is he that is within my walls, sons of echoing Croma!

The feast is spread. The harp is heard; and joy is in the hall. But it was joy covering a sigh, that darkly dwelt in every breast. It was like the faint beam of the moon spread on a cloud in heaven. At length the music ceased, and the aged king of Croma spoke; he spoke without a tear, but the sigh swelled in the midst of his voice.

Son of Fingal! dost thou not behold the darkness of Crothar's hall of shells? My soul was not dark at the feast, when my people lived. I rejoiced in the presence of strangers, when

when my son shone in the hall. But, Ossian, he is a beam that is departed, and left no streak of light behind. He is fallen, son of Fingal, in the battles of his father. — Rothmar the chief of grassy Tromlo heard that my eyes had failed; he heard that my arms were fixed in the hall, and the pride of his soul arose. He came towards Croma; my people fell before him. I took my arms in the hall, but what could fightless Crothar do? My steps were unequal; my grief was great. I wished for the days that were past. Days! wherein I fought; and conquered in the field of blood. My son returned from the chase; the fair-haired Fovar-gormo *). He had not lifted his sword in battle, for his arm was young. But the soul of the youth was great; the fire of valour burnt in his eyes. He saw the disordered steps of his father, and his sigh arose. King of Croma, he said, is it because thou hast no son; is it for the weakness of Fovar-gorma's arm, that thy sighs arise? I begin, my father, to feel the strength of my arm; I have drawn the sword of my youth; and I have bent the bow. Let me meet this Rothmar, with the

*) Faobhar-gorm, the blue point of steel.

the youths of Croma: let me meet him, O my father; for I feel my burning soul.

And thou shalt meet him, I said, son of the sightless Crothar! But let others advance before thee, that I may hear the tread of thy feet at thy return; for my eyes behold thee not, fair-haired Fovar-gormo! — He went, he met the foe; he fell. The foe advances towards Croma. He who slew my son, is near, with all his pointed spears.

It is not time to fill the shell, I replied, and took my spear. My people saw the fire of my eyes, and they rose around. All night we strode along the heath. Gray morning rose in the east. A green narrow vale appeared before us; nor did it want its blue stream. The dark host of Rothmar are on its banks, with all their glittering arms. We fought along the vale; they fled; Rothmar sunk beneath my sword. Day had not descended in the west, when I brought his arms to Crothar. The aged hero felt them with his hands; and joy brightened in his soul.

The people gather to the hall; the sound of the shells is heard. Then harps are strung;

five bards advance, and sing, by turns *), the praise of Ossian; they poured forth their burning souls, and the harp answered to their voice.

The

*) Those extempore-compositions were in great repute among succeeding bards. The pieces extant of that kind shew more of the good ear, than of the poetical genius of their authors. The translator has only met with one poem of this sort, which he thinks worthy of being preserved. It is a thousand years later than Ossian, but the author seems to have observed his manner, and adopted some of his expressions. The story of it is this. Five bards, passing the night in the house of a chief, who was a poet himself, went severally to make their observations on, and returned with an extempore-description of, night. The night happened to be one in October, as appears from the poem; and in the north of Scotland, it has all that variety, which the bards ascribe to it, in their descriptions.

FIRST BARD.

Night is dull and dark. The clouds rest on the hills.

No star with green trembling beam; no moon looks from the sky. I hear the blast in the wood; but I hear it distant far. The stream of

the

The joy of Croma was great; for peace returned to the land. The night came on with silence,

the valley murmurs; but its murmur is sullen and sad. From the tree at the grave of the dead the long-howling owl is heard. I see a dim form on the plain! — It is a ghost! — it fades — it flies. Some funeral shall pass this way: the meteor marks the path.

The distant dog is howling from the hut of the hill. The stag lies on the mountain-moss: the hind is at his side. She hears the wind in his branchy horns. She starts, but lies again.

The roe is in the cleft of the rock; the heath-cock's head is beneath his wing. No beast, no bird is abroad, but the owl and the howling fox. She on a leafless tree: he in a cloud on the hill.

Dark, panting, trembling, sad, the traveller has lost his way. Through shrubs, through thorns, he goes, along the gurgling rill. He fears the rock and the fen. He fears the ghost of night. The old tree groans to the blast; the falling branch resounds. The wind drives the withered burs, clung together, along the grass. It is the light tread of a ghost! — He trembles amidst the night.

ce, and the morning returned with joy. No foe came in darkness, with his glittering spear. The joy of Croma was great; for the gloomy Rothmar was fallen.

I

Dark, dusky, howling is night, cloudy, windy,
and full of ghosts! The dead are abroad! my
friends, receive me from the night.

SECOND BARD.

The wind is up. The shower descends. The
spirit of the mountain shrieks. Woods fall from
high. Windows flap. The growing river roars.
The traveller attempts the ford. Hark that shriek!
he dies: — The storm drives the horse from
the hill, the goat, the lowing cow. They tremble
as drives the shower, beside the mouldering bank.

The hunter starts from sleep, in his lonely
hut; he wakes the fire decayed. His wet dogs
smoke around him. He fills the chinks with
heath. Loud roar two mountain-streams, which
meet beside his booth.

Sad on the side of a hill the wandering shep-
herd sits. The tree resounds above him. The
stream roars down the rock. He waits for the
rising moon, to guide him to his home.

Ghosts

I raised my voice for Fovar-gormo, when
 they laid the chief in earth. The aged Crothar
 was there, but his sigh was not heard. He
 search.

Ghosts ride on the storm to-night. Sweet is
 their voice between the squalls of wind. Their
 songs are of other worlds.

The rain is past. The dry wind blows. Streams
 roar, and windows flap. Cold drops fall from
 the roof, I see the starry sky. But the shower
 gathers again. The west is gloomy and dark.
 Night is stormy and dismal; receive me, my
 friends, from night.

THIRD BARD,

The wind still sounds between the hills, and
 whistles through the grass of the rock. The firs
 fall from their place. The turf hut is torn.
 The clouds, divided, fly over the sky, and shew
 the burning stars. The meteor, token of death!
 flies sparkling through the gloom. It rests on
 the hill, I see the withered fern, the dark-brow-
 ed rock, the fallen oak. Who is that in his
 shroud beneath the tree, by the stream?

The waves dark-tumble on the lake, and lash
 its rocky sides. The boat is brimful in the cove;

searched for the wound of his son, and found it in his breast. Joy rose in the face of the aged. He came and spoke to Ossian.

King

the oars on the rocking tide. A maid sits sad beside the rock, and eyes the rolling stream. Her lover promised to come. She saw his boat, when yet it was light, on the lake. Is this his broken boat on the shore? Are these his groans on the wind?

Hark! the hail rattles around. The flaky snow descends. The tops of the hills are white. The stormy winds abate. Various is the night and cold; receive me, my friends, from night.

FOURTH BARD.

Night is calm and fair; blue, starry, settled is night. The winds, with the clouds, are gone. They sink behind the hill. The moon is up on the mountain. Trees glitter: streams shine on the rock. Bright rolls the settled lake; bright the stream of the vale.

I see the trees overturned; the shocks of corn on the plain. The wakeful hind rebuilds the shocks, and whistles on the distant field.

Calm,

King of spears! he said, my son has not
 fallen without his fame. The young warrior
 did not fly; but met death, as he went for-
 ward

Calm, settled, fair is night! — Who comes
 from the place of the dead? That form with the
 robe of snow; white arms and dark-brown hair!
 It is the daughter of the chief of the people; she
 that lately fell! Come, let us view thee, o maid!
 thou that hast been the delight of heroes! The
 blast drives the phantom away; white, without
 form, it ascends the hill,

The breezes drive the blue mist, slowly over
 the narrow vale. It rises on the hill, and joins
 its head to heaven. — Night is settled, calm,
 blue, starry, bright with the moon. Receive me
 not, my friends; for lovely is the night.

FIFTH BARD.

Night is calm, but dreary. The moon is in a
 cloud in the west. Slow moves that pale beam
 along the shaded hill. The distant wave is heard.
 The torrent murmurs on the rock. The cock is
 heard from the booth. More than half the night
 is past. The house-wife, groping in the gloom,
 rekindles the settled fire. The hunter thinks, that

ward in his strength. Happy are they who die
in youth, when their renown is heard! The
feeble will not behold them in the hall; or
smile

day approaches, and calls his bounding dogs. He
ascends the hill, and whistles on his way. A blast
removes the cloud. He sees the starry plough of
the north. Much of the night is to pass. He
nods by the mossy rock,

Hark! the whirlwind is in the wood! A low
murmur in the vale! It is the mighty army of
the dead returning from the air,

The moon rests behind the hill. The beam is
still on that lofty rock. Long are the shadows
of the trees. Now it is dark over all. Night is
dreary, silent, and dark; receive me, my friends,
from night.

The CHIEF.

Let clouds rest on the hills, spirits fly, and tra-
vellers fear. Let the winds of the woods arise,
the sounding storms descend. Roar, streams and
windows flap, and green-winged meteors fly;
rise the pale moon from behind her hills, or
inclose her head in clouds; night is alike to me,
blue, stormy, or gloomy the sky. Night flies
be-

smile at their trembling hands. Their memory
shall be honoured in the song; the young tear
of the virgin falls. But the aged wither away,
by degrees, and the fame of their youth begins

before the beam, when it is poured on the hill.
The young day returns from his clouds, but we
return no more.

Where are our chiefs of old? Where our
kings of mighty name? The fields of their batt-
les are silent. Scarce their mossy tombs remain.
We shall also be forgot. This lofty house shall
fall. Our sons shall not behold the ruins in
grafs. They shall ask of the aged, "Where
stood the walls of our fathers?"

Raise the song, and strike the harp; send
round the shells of joy. Suspend a hundred ta-
pers on high. Youths and maids, begin the dance.
Let some gray bard be near me, to tell the deeds
of other times; of kings renowned in our land,
of chiefs we behold no more. Thus let the
night pass, until morning shall appear in our
halls. Then let the bow be at hand, the dogs,
the youths of the chase. We shall ascend the
hill with day; and awake the deer.

to be forgot. They fall in secret; the sigh of
 their son is not heard. Joy is around their
 tomb; and the stone of their fame is placed
 without a tear. Happy are they who die in
 youth, when their renown is around them!

5 N059

BERRA-

BERRATHON:

A
P O E M.

BERRATHON.



(61)

BERRATHON:

A P O E M. *)

Bend thy blue course, o stream, round the narrow plain of Lutha **). Let the green woods hang over it from their mountains; and the

*) This poem is reputed to have been composed by Ossian, a little time before his death; and consequently it is known in tradition by no other name than *Ossian's last hymn*. The translator has taken the liberty to call it *Berrathon*, from the episode concerning the re-establishment of Larthmor king of that island, after he had been dethroned by his own son Uthal. Fingal in his voyage to Lochlin, [Fing. B. III.] whither he had

**) Lutha, *swift stream*. It is impossible, at this distance of time, to ascertain where the scene here described lies. Tradition is silent on that head, and there is nothing in the poem, from which a conjecture can be drawn.

the sun look on it at noon. The thistle is there on its rock, and shakes its beard to the wind. The flower hangs its heavy head, waving

had been invited by Starno the father of Agandecca, so often mentioned in Ossian's poems, touched at Berrathon, an island of Scandinavia, where he was kindly entertained by Larthmor the petty king of the place, who was a vassal of the supreme kings of Lochlin. The hospitality of Larthmor gained him Fingal's friendship, which that hero manifested, after the imprisonment of Larthmor by his own son, by sending Ossian and Toscar, the father of Malvina so often mentioned, to rescue Larthmor, and to punish the unnatural behaviour of Uthal. Uthal was handsome to a proverb, and consequently much admired by the ladies. Nina-thoma, the beautiful daughter of Torthóma, a neighbouring prince, fell in love and fled with him. He proved unconstant; for another lady, whose name is not mentioned, gaining his affections, he confined Nina-thoma to a desert island near the coast of Berrathon. She was relieved by Ossian, who, in company with Toscar, landing on Berrathon, defeated the forces of Uthal, and killed him in a single combat. Nina-thoma, whose love not all the bad behaviour

of

ing, at times, to the gale. Why dost thou awake me, o gale? it seems to say; I am covered with the drops of heaven. The time of my fading is near, and the blast that shall scatter my leaves. To-morrow shall the traveler

of Uthal could erase, hearing of his death, died of grief. In the mean time Larthmor is restored, and Offian and Toscar returned in triumph to Fingal.

The present poem opens with an elegy on the death of Malvina the daughter of Toscar, and closes with presages of the poet's death. It is almost altogether in a lyric measure, and has that melancholy air, which distinguishes the remains of the works of Offian. If ever he composed any thing of a merry turn, it is long since lost. The serious and melancholy make the most lasting impressions on the human mind, and bid fairest for being transmitted from generation to generation by tradition. Nor is it probable, that Offian dealt much in chearful composition. Melancholy is so much the companion of a great genius, that it is difficult to separate the idea of levity from chearfulness, which is sometimes the mark of an amiable disposition, but never the characteristic of elevated parts.

ler come, he that saw me in my beauty, shall come; his eyes will search the field, but they will not find me. — So shall they search in vain, for the voice of Cona, after it has failed in the field. The hunter shall come forth in the morning, and the voice of my harp shall not be heard. "Where is the son of car-borne Fingal?" The tear will be on his cheek.

Then come thou, o Malvina, *) with all thy music, come; lay Ossian in the plain of Lutha: let his tomb rise in the lovely field. — Malvina! where art thou, with thy songs; with the soft sound of thy steps? — Son **) of Alpin, art thou near? where is the daughter of Toscar?

I passed, o son of Fingal, by Tar-lutha's mossy walls. The smoke of the hall was ceased: silence was among the trees of the hill. The

*) Mal-mhina, *soft or lovely brow*. Mb in the Gaelic language has the same sound with v in English.

**) Tradition has not handed down the name of this son of Alpin. His father was one of Fingal's principal bards, and he appears himself to have had a poetical genius.

The voice of the chase was over. I saw the daughters of the bow. I asked about Malvina, but they answered not. They turned their faces away: thin darkness covered their beauty. They were like stars, on a rainy hill, by night, each looking faintly through her mist.

Pleasant *) be thy rest, o lovely beam!
soon hast thou set on our hills! The steps of
thy departure were stately, like the moon on
the blue, trembling wave. But thou hast left
us in darkness, first of the maids of Lutha!
We sit, at the rock, and there is no voice; no
light but the meteor of fire! Soon hast thou
set, Malvina, daughter of generous Toscar!

But thou risest like the beam of the east,
among the spirits of thy friends, where they sit
in their stormy halls, the chambers of the
thunder. — A cloud hovers over Cona: its
blue curling sides are high. The winds are
beneath it, with their wings; within it is the
dwell-

*) Ossian speaks. He calls Malvina a beam of light,
and continues the metaphor throughout the pa-
ragraph.

dwelling *) of Fingal. There the hero sits in darkness; his airy spear is in his hand. His shield half-covered with clouds, is like the darkened moon; when one half still remains in the wave, and the other looks sickly on the field.

His friends sit around the king, on mist; and hear the songs of Ullin: he strikes the half-viewless harp; and raises the feeble voice. The lesser heroes, with a thousand meteors, light the airy hall. Malvina rises, in the midst; a blush is on her cheek. She beholds the unknown faces of her fathers, and turns aside her humid eyes.

Art thou come so soon, said Fingal, daughter of generous Toscar? Sadness dwells in the halls

*) The description of this ideal palace of Fingal is very poetical, and agreeable to the notions of those times, concerning the state of the deceased, who were supposed to pursue, after death, the pleasures and employments of their former life. The situation of Ossian's heroes, in their separate state, if not entirely happy, is more agreeable, than the notions of the ancient Greeks concerning their departed heroes. See Hom. *Odyss.* L. II.

halls of Lutha. My aged son *) is sad. I hear the breeze of Cona, that was wont to lift thy heavy locks. It comes to the hall, but thou art not there; its voice is mournful among the arms of thy fathers. Go with thy rustling wing, o breeze! and sigh on Malvina's tomb. It rises yonder beneath the rock, at the blue stream of Lutha. The maids **) are departed to their place; and thou alone, o breeze, mournest there.

But who comes from the dusky west, supported on a cloud? A smile is on his gray, watry face; his locks of mist fly on the wind: he bends forward on his airy spear: it is thy father, Malvina! Why shinest thou, so soon, on our clouds, he says, o lovely light of Lutha! — But thou wert sad, my daughter, for thy friends were passed away. The sons of little men ***) were in the hall; and none

re-

*) Ossian, who had a great friendship for Malvina, both on account of her love for his son Oscar, and her attention to his own poems.

**) That is, the young virgins, who sung the funeral elegy over her tomb.

***) Ossian, by way of disrespect, calls those, who succeeded the heroes whose actions he celebrates,

remained of the heroes , but Ossian king of spears.

And dost thou remember Ossian, car-borne Toscar *) son of Conloch? The battles of our youth were many; our swords went together to the field. They saw us coming like two falling rocks; and the sons of the stranger fled. There come the warriors of Cona, they said; their steps are in the paths of the vanquished.

Draw near, son of Alpin, to the song of the aged. The actions of other times are in my soul: my memory beams on the days that are past. On the days of the mighty Toscar, when our path was in the deep. Draw near, son of Alpin,

the sons of little men. Tradition is entirely silent concerning what passed in the north, immediately after the death of Fingal and all his heroes: but it appears from that term of ignominy just mentioned, that the actions of their successors were not to be compared to those of the renowned Fingalians.

*) Toscar was the son of that Conloch, who was also father to the lady, whose unfortunate death is related in the last episode of the second book of Fingal.

Alpin, to the last found *) of the voice of Cona.

The king of Morven commanded, and I raised my sails to the wind. Toíscar chief of Lutha stood at my side, as I rose on the dark-blue wave. Our course was to sea-surrounded Berrathon **), the isle of many storms. There dwelt, with his locks of age, the stately strength of Larthmor. Larthmor, who spread the feast of shells to Comhal's mighty son, when he went to Starno's halls, in the days of Agandecca. But when the chief was old, the pride of his son arose, the pride of fair-haired Uthal, the love of a thousand maids. He bound the aged Larthmor, and dwelt in his sounding halls.

Long pined the king in his cave, beside his rolling sea. Morning did not come to his dwelling; nor the burning oak by night. But the

*) Ossian seems to intimate by this expression, that this poem was the last of his composition; so that there is some foundation for the traditional title of *the last hymn of Ossian*.

**) Barrathón, *a promontory in the midst of waves*. The poet gives it the epithet of sea-surrounded, to prevent its being taken for a peninsula in the literal sense.

the wind of ocean was there, and the parting beam of the moon. The red star looked on the king, when it trembled on the western wave. Snitho came to Selma's hall: Snitho companion of Larthmor's youth. He told of the king of Barrathon: the wrath of Fingal rose. Thrice he assumed the spear, resolved to stretch his hand to Uthal. But the memory *) of his actions rose before the king, and he sent his son and Toscar. Our joy was great on the rolling sea; and we often half-unsheathed our swords **). For never before had we fought alone,

*) The meaning of the poet is, that Fingal remembered his own great actions; and consequently would not fully them by engaging in a petty war against Uthal, who was so far his inferior in valour and power.

**) The impatience of young warriors, going on their first expedition, is well marked by their half-drawing their swords. The modesty of Ossian, in his narration of a story which does him so much honour, is remarkable; and his humanity to Ninathoma would grace a hero of our own polished age. Though Ossian passes over his own actions in silence, or slightly mentions them; tradition has done ample justice to his martial fame, and perhaps has exaggerated the actions of the poet beyond the bounds of credibility.

alone, in the battles of the spear. Night came down on the ocean; the winds departed on their wings. Cold and pale is the moon. The red stars lift their heads. Our course is slow along the coast of Berrathon; the white waves tumble on the rocks.

What voice is that, said Toscar, which comes between the sounds of the waves? It is soft, but mournful, like the voice of departed hards. But I behold the maid *), she sits on the rock alone. Her head bends on her arm of snow: her dark hair is in the wind. Hear, son of Fingal, her song, it is smooth as the gliding waters of Lavath. — We came to the silent bay, and heard the maid of night.

How long will ye roll around me, blue-tumbling waters of ocean? My dwelling was not always in caves, nor beneath the whistling tree. The feast was spread in Torthóma's hall; my father delighted in my voice. The youths beheld me in the steps of my loveliness, and they blessed the dark-haired Nina-thoma. It was then thou didst come, o Uthal! like the sun of heaven.

*) Nina-thoma the daughter of Torthóma, who had been confined to a desert island by her lover Uthal.

heaven. The souls of the virgins are thine, son of generous Larthmor! But why dost thou leave me alone in the midst of roaring waters? Was my soul dark with thy death? Did my white hand lift the sword? Why then hast thou left me alone, king of high Finthormo! *)

The tear started from my eye, when I heard the voice of the maid. I stood before her in my arms, and spoke the words of peace. — Lovely dweller of the cave, what sigh is in that breast? Shall Ossian lift his sword in thy presence, the destruction of thy foes? — Daughter of Torthóma, rise, I have heard the words of thy grief. The race of Morven are around thee, who never injured the weak. Come to our dark-bosomed ship, thou brighter than that setting moon. Our course is to the rocky Berrathon, to the echoing walls of Finthormo. — She came in her beauty, she came with all her lovely steps. Silent joy brightened in her face, as when the shadows fly from the field of spring; the bluestream is rolling in

*) Finthormo, the palace of Uthal. The names in this episode are not of a Celtic original; which makes it probable that Ossian founds his poem on a true story.

in brightness, and the green bush bends over its course.

The morning rose with its beams. We came to Rothma's bay. A boar rushed from the wood; my spear pierced his side. I rejoiced over the blood *), and foresaw my growing fame. — But now the sound of Uthal's train came from the high Finthormo; they spread over the heath to the chace of the boar. Himself comes slowly on, in the pride of his strength. He lifts two pointed spears. On his side is the hero's sword. Three youths carry his polished bows: the bounding of five dogs is before him. His warriors move on, at a distance, admiring the steps of the king. Stately was the son of Larthmor! but his soul was dark. Dark as the troubled face of the moon, when it foretels the storms.

We rose on the heath before the king; he stopt in the midst of his course. His warriors gathered

*) Ossian thought, that his killing the boar, on his first landing in Berrathon, was a good omen of his future success in that island. The present highlanders look, with a degree of superstition, upon the success of their first action, after they have engaged in any desperate undertaking.

gathered around, and a gray-haired bard advanced. Whence are the sons of the strangers? begun the bard. The children of the unhappy come to Berrathon; to the sword of car-borne Uthal. He spreads no feast in his hall: the blood of strangers is on his streams. If from Selma's walls ye come, from the mossy walls of Fingal, chuse three youths to go to your king, to tell of the falls of his people. Perhaps the hero may come and pour his blood on Uthal's sword; so shall the fame of Finthormo arise, like the growing tree of the vale.

Never will it rise, o bard, I said in the pride of my wrath. He would shrink in the presence of Fingal, whose eyes are the flames of death. The son of Comhal comes, and the kings vanish in his presence; they are rolled together, like mist, by the breath of his rage. Shall three tell to Fingal, that his people fell? Yes! — they may tell it, bard! but his people shall fall with fame.

I stood in the darkness of my strength; Toscar drew his sword at my side. The foe came on like a stream: the mingled sound of death arose. Man took man, shield met shield; steel mixed its beams with steel. — Darts
hiss

hiss through air; spears ring on mails; and
swords on broken bucklers bound. As the noise
of an aged grove beneath the roaring wind,
when a thousand ghosts break the trees by
night, such was the din of arms. — But
Uthal fell beneath my sword; and the tear hung
in my eye. Thou art fallen *), young tree,
I said, with all thy beauty round thee. Thou
art fallen on thy plains, and the field is bare.
The winds come from the desert, and there is
no sound in thy leaves! Lovely art thou in
death, son of car-borne Larthmor.

Nina-

*) To mourn over the fall of their enemies, was a
practice universal among Ossian's heroes. This
is more agreeable to humanity, than the shame-
ful insulting of the dead, so common in Homer,
and after him, servilely copied by all his imita-
tors, the humane Virgil not excepted, who ha-
ve been more successful in borrowing the imper-
fections of that great poet, than in their imita-
tions of his beauties. Homer, it is probable,
gave the manners of the times in which he wro-
te, not his own sentiments: Ossian also seems
to keep to the sentiments of his heroes. The
reverence, which the most barbarous highlanders
have still for the remains of the deceased, seems
to have descended to them from their most re-
mote ancestors.

Nina-thoma sat on the shore, and heard the sound of battle. She turned her red eyes on Lethmal, the gray-haired bard of Selma! for he had remained on the coast, with the daughter of Torthóma. Son of the times of old! she said, I hear the noise of death. Thy friends have met with Uthal, and the chief is low! O that I had remained on the rock, inclosed with the tumbling waves! Then would my soul be sad, but his death would not reach my ear. Art thou fallen on thy heath, o son of high Finthormo! thou didst leave me on a rock, but my soul was full of thee. Son of high Finthormo! art thou fallen on thy heath?

She rose pale in her tears, and saw the bloody shield of Uthal; she saw it in Ossian's hand; her steps were distracted on the heath. She flew; she found him; she fell. Her soul came forth in a sigh. Her hair is spread on his face. My bursting tears descend. A tomb arose on the unhappy; and my song was heard.

Rest, hapless children of youth! at the noise of that mossy stream. The virgins will see your tomb, at the chace, and turn away their weeping eyes. Your fame will be in the song; the voice of the harp will be heard in
your

your praise. The daughters of Selma shall hear it; and your renown shall be in other lands. — Rest, children of youth, at the noise of the mossy stream.

Two days we remained on the coast. The heroes of Berrathon convened. We brought Larthmor to his halls; the feast of shells was spread. — The joy of the aged was great; he looked to the arms of his fathers; the arms which he left in his hall, when the pride of Uthal arose. — We were renowned before Larthmor, and he blessed the chiefs of Morven; but he knew not, that his son was low, the stately strength of Uthal. They had told, that he had retired to the woods, with the tears of grief; they had told it, but he was silent in the tomb of Rothma's heath.

On the fourth day we raised our sails to the roar of the northern wind. Larthmor came to the coast, and his bards raised the song. The joy of the king was great, he looked to Rothma's gloomy heath; he saw the tomb of his son; and the memory of Uthal rose. — Who of my heroes, he said, lies there? he seems to have been of the kings of spears. Was he renowned in my halls, before the pride of Uthal rose?

Ye

Ye are silent, ye sons of Berrathon; is the king of heroes low? — My heart melts for thee, o Uthal; though thy hand was against thy father. — O that I had remained in the cave! that my son had dwelt in Finthormo! — I might have heard the tread of his feet, when he went to the chase of the boar. — I might have heard his voice on the blast of my cave. Then would my soul be glad: but now darkness dwells in my halls.

Such were my deeds, son of Alpin, when the arm of my youth was strong; such were *) the actions of Toscar, the car-borne son of Conloch. But Toscar is on his flying cloud; and I am alone at Lutha: my voice is like the last sound of the wind, when it forsakes the woods. But Ossian shall no be long alone, he sees the mist, that shall receive his ghost. He beholds the mist, that shall form his robe, when he appears on his hills. The sons of little men shall behold me, and admire the stature of the chiefs of old. They shall creep to their caves, and look to the sky with fear; for my steps shall be in the clouds, and darkness shall roll on my side.

Lead,

*) Ossian speaks.

Lead, son of Alpin, lead the aged to his woods. The winds begin to rise. The dark wave of the lake resounds. Bends there not a tree from Mora with its branches bare? It bends, son of Alpin, in the rustling blast. My harp hangs on a blasted branch. The sound of its strings is mournful. — Does the wind touch thee, o harp, or is it some passing ghost? — It is the hand of Malvina! but bring me the harp, son of Alpin; another song shall rise. My soul shall depart in the sound; my fathers shall hear it in their airy hall. — Their dim faces shall hang, with joy, from their clouds; and their hands receive their son.

*) The aged oak bends over the stream. It fights with all its moss. The withered fern whistles near, and mixes, as it waves, with Ossian's hair. — Strike the harp and raise the song: be near, with all your wings, ye winds. Bear the mournful sound away to Fingal's airy hall. Bear it to Fingal's hall, that he

*) Here begins the lyric piece, with which, tradition says, Ossian concluded his poems. — It is set to music, and still sung in the north, with a great deal of wild simplicity, but little variety of sound.

he may hear the voice of his son; the voice of him that praised the mighty. — The blast of the north opens thy gates, o king, and I behold thee sitting on mist, dimly gleaming in all thine arms. Thy form now is not the terror of the valiant: but like a watery cloud; when we see the stars behind it with their weeping eyes. Thy shield is like the aged moon: thy sword a vapour half-kindled with fire. Dim and feeble is the chief, who travelled in brightness before. —

But thy steps *) are on the winds of the desert, and the storms darken in thy hand. Thou

*) This magnificent description of the power of Fingal over the winds and storms, and the image of his taking the sun, and hiding him in the clouds, do not correspond with the preceding paragraph, where he is represented as a feeble ghost, and no more the TERROR OF THE VALIANT; but it agrees with the notion of the times concerning the souls of the deceased, who, it was supposed, had the command of the winds and storms, but in combat were not a match for valiant men.

Thou takest the sun in thy wrath, and hidest him in thy clouds. The sons of little men are afraid; and a thousand showers descend. —

But when thou comest forth in thy mildness; the gale of the morning is near thy course. The sun laughs in his blue fields; and the gray stream winds in its valley. — The bushes shake their green heads in the wind. The roes bound towards the desert.

But there is a murmur in the heath! the stormy winds abate! I hear the voice of Fingal. Long has it been absent from mine ear! —
Come,

It was the immoderate praise bestowed by the poets on their departed friends, that gave the first hint to superstition to deify the deceased heroes; and those new divinities owed all their attributes to the fancy of the bard who sung their elegies.

We do not find, that the praises of Fingal had this effect upon his countrymen; but that is to be imputed to the idea they had of power, which they always connected with bodily strength and personal valour, both which were dissolved by death.

Come, Ossian, come away, he says: Fingal has received his fame. We passed away, like flames that had shone for a season; our departure was in renown. Though the plains of our battles are dark and silent; our fame is in the four gray stones. The voice of Ossian has been heard; and the harp was strung in Selma. — Come, Ossian, come away, he says, and fly with thy fathers on clouds.

And come I will, thou king of men! the life of Ossian fails. I begin to vanish on Cona; and my steps are not seen in Selma. Beside the stone of Mora I shall fall asleep. The winds whistling in my grey hair shall not waken me. — Depart on thy wings, o wind: thou canst not disturb the rest of the bard. The night is long, but his eyes are heavy; depart, thou rustling blast.

But why art thou sad, son of Fingal? Why grows the cloud of thy soul? The chiefs of other times are departed; they have gone without their fame. The sons of future years shall pass away; and another race arise. The people are like the waves of ocean: like the
leaves

leaves*) of woody Morven; they pass away in the rustling blast, and other leaves lift their green heads. —

Did thy beauty last, o Ryno **)? Stood the strength of car-borne Oscar? Fingal himself passed

*) The same thought may be found almost in the same words, in Homer, vi. 46.

Οἷη περ Φύλλων γενεῇ, τοιῷδε καὶ ἄνδραν.
Φύλλα ταμέν τ' ἄνεμος χαμάδις χέει, ἄλ-
λα δε θ' ὕγη
Τυλεθώσῃ φύει ἔαρος δ' ἐπιγίγνεται ὥρη.

Mr. Pope falls short of his original; in particular he has omitted altogether the beautiful image of the wind strewing the withered leaves on the ground.

Like leaves on trees the race of men are found,
Now green in youth, now with'ring on the
ground;

Another race the following spring supplies;
They fall successive, and successive rise.

POPE.

**) Ryno, the son of Fingal, who was killed in Ireland, in the war against Swaran, [Fing. b. 5.]

passed away; and the halls of his fathers forgot
his steps. — And shalt thou remain, aged
bard!

was remarkable for the beauty of his person, his swiftness and great exploits. Minvane, the daughter of Morni, and sister to Gaul so mentioned in Ossian's compositions, was in love with Ryno. — Her lamentation over her lover is introduced as an episode in one of Ossian's great poems. The lamentation is the only part of the poem now extant, and as it has some poetical merit, I have subjoined it to this note. The poet represents Minvane as seeing, from one of the rocks of Morven, the fleet of Fingal returning from Ireland.

She blushing, sad, from Morven's rocks, bends
over the darkly-rolling sea. She saw the youths
in all their arms. — Where, Ryno, where
art thou?

Our dark looks told that he was low! —
That pale the hero flew on clouds! That in the
grass of Morven's hills, his feeble voice was
heard in wind!

And is the son of Fingal fallen, on Ullin's
mossy plains? Strong was the arm that conquer-
ed him! — Ah me! I am alone.

Alone

bard! when the mighty have failed? — But
my fame shall remain, and grow like the oak
of

Alone I will not be, ye winds! that lift my
dark-brown hair. My sighs will not long mix
with your stream; for I must sleep with Ryno.

I see thee not, with beauty's steps returning
from the chace. — The night is round Min-
vane's love; and silence dwells with Ryno.

Where are thy dogs, and where thy bow?
Thy shield that was so strong? Thy sword like
heaven's descending fire? The bloody spear of
Ryno?

I see them mixed in thy ship; I see them
stained with blood. — No arms are in thy
narrow hall, o darkly-dwelling Ryno!

When will the morning come, and say, arise,
thou king of spears! arise, the hunters are
abroad, The hinds are near thee, Ryno!

Away, thou fair-haired morning, away! the
slumbering king hears thee not! The hinds
bound over his narrow tomb; for death dwells
round young Ryno.

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of Morven; which lifts its broad head to the storm, and rejoices in the course of the wind.

But I will tread softly, my king! and steal to the bed of thy repose. Minvane will lie in silence, near her slumbering Ryno.

The maids shall seek me; but they shall not find me: they shall follow my departure with songs. But I will not hear you, o maids: I sleep with fair-haired Ryno.

CATH.

CATHLIN

OF

CLUTHA:

A

POEM.

ARGUMENT.

An address to Malvina, the daughter of Toscar. —

The poet relates the arrival of Cathlin in Selma, to solicit aid against Duth-carmor of Clutha, who had killed Cathmol, for the sake of his daughter Lánul.

— Fingal declining to make a choice among his heroes, who were all claiming the command of the expedition; they retired *each to his bill of ghosts*; to be determined by dreams. The spirit of Trenmor appears to Ossian and Oscar: they sail, from the bay of Carmona, and, on the fourth day, appear off the valley of Rath-col, in Inis-huna, where Duth-carmor had fixed his residence. — Ossian dispatches a bard to Duth-carmor, to demand battle. —

Night comes on. — The distress of Cathlin of Clutha. — Ossian devolves the command on Oscar, who, according to the custom of the kings of Morven, before battle, retired to a neighbouring hill. — Upon the coming-on of day, the battle joins. — Oscar and Duth-carmor meet. The latter falls. — Oscar carries the mail and helmet of Duth-carmor to Cathlin, who had retired from the field. Cathlin is discovered to be the daughter of Cathmol, in disguise, who had been carried off, by force, by, and had made her escape from, Duth-carmor.

CATHLIN

OF

CLUTHA:

A POEM.

*) Come, thou beam that art lonely, from
 watching in the night! The squally
 winds are around thee, from all their ecchoing
 hills. Red, over my hundred streams, are the
 light-

*) The traditions, which accompany this poem, inform us, that both it, and the succeeding piece, went, of old, under the name of *Laui Oi-lutha*; i. e. the *hymns of the maid of Lutha*. They pretend also to fix the time of its composition to the third year after the death of Fingal; that is, during the expedition of Fergus the son of Fingal, to the banks of *Uisca dubhon*. In support of this opinion, the Highland-senachies

90 CATHLIN OF CLUTHA:

light-covered paths of the dead. They rejoice, on the eddying winds, in the still season of night. — Dwells there no joy in song, white hand of the harps of Lutha? Awake the voice of the string, and roll my soul to me. It is a stream that has failed. — Malvina, pour the song.

I hear

have prefixed to this poem, an address of Ossian, to Congal the young son of Fergus, which I have rejected, as having no manner of connection with the rest of the piece. — It has poetical merit; and, probably, it was the opening of one of Ossian's other poems, tho' the bards injudiciously transferred it to the piece now before us.

"Congal son of Fergus of Durath, thou light between thy locks, ascend to the rock of Selma, to the oak of the breaker of shields. Look over the bosom of night, it is streaked with the red paths of the dead: look on the night of ghosts, and kindle, o Congal, thy soul. Be not, like the moon on a stream, lonely in the midst of clouds: darkness closes around it; and the beam departs. — Depart not, son of Fergus, ere thou markest the field with thy sword. Ascend to the rock of Selma; to the oak of the breaker of shields."

I hear thee, from thy darkness, in Selma,
 thou that watchest, lonely, by night! Why
 didst thou with-hold the song, from Ossian's
 failing soul? — As the falling brook to the
 ear of the hunter, descending from his storm-
 covered hill; in a sun-beam rolls the echoing
 stream; he hears, and shakes his dewy locks:
 such is the voice of Lutha, to the friend of
 the spirits of heroes. — My swelling bo-
 som beats high. I look back on the days that
 are past. — Come, thou beam that art lo-
 nely, from the watching of night.

In the echoing bay of Carmona *) we
 saw, one day, the bounding ship. On high,
 hung

*) Car-mona, bay of the dark-brown hills, an arm
 of the sea, in the neighbourhood of Selma. —

In this paragraph are mentioned the signals pre-
 sented to Fingal, by those who came to demand
 his aid. The suppliants held, in one hand, a
 shield covered with blood, and, in the other,
 a broken spear; the first a symbol of the death
 of their friends, the last an emblem of their
 own helpless situation. If the king chose to
 grant succours, which generally was the case,
 he reached to them *the shell of feasts*, as a token
 of

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hung a broken shield; it was marked with wandering blood. Forward came a youth, in armour, and stretched his pointless spear. Long, over his tearful eyes, hung loose his disordered locks. Fingal gave the shell of kings. The words of the stranger arose.

In

of his hospitality and friendly intentions towards them.

It may not be disagreeable to the reader, to lay here before him the ceremony of the *Cran-tara*, which was of a similar nature, and, till very lately, used in the Highlands. — When the news of an enemy came to the residence of the chief, he immediately killed a goat with his own sword, dipped the end of an half-burnt piece of wood in the blood, and gave it to one of his servants, to be carried to the next hamlet. From hamlet to hamlet this *teffera* was carried with the utmost expedition, and, in the space of a few hours, the whole clan were in arms, and convened in an appointed place; the name of which was the only word that accompanied the delivery of the *Cran-tara*. This symbol was the manifesto of the chief, by which he threatened fire and sword to those of his clan, that did not immediately appear at his standard.

In his hall lies Cathmol of Clutha, by the winding of his own dark streams. Duth-carmor saw white-bosomed Lánul *), and pierced her father's side. In the rushy desert were my steps. He fled in the season of night. Give thine aid to Cathlin, to revenge his father. — I sought thee not as a beam, in a land of clouds. Thou, like that sun, art known, king of echoing Selma.

Selma's king looked around. In his presence, we rose in arms. But who should lift the shield? for all had claimed the war. The night came down; we strode, in silence; each to his hill of ghosts: that spirits might descend, in our dreams, to mark us for the field.

We struck the shield of the dead, and raised the hum of songs. We thrice called the
ghosts

*) Lánul, *full-eyed*, a surname which, according to tradition, was bestowed on the daughter of Cathmol, on account of her beauty: this tradition, however, may have been founded on that partiality, which the bards have shewn to Cathlin of Clutha, for, according to them, no falsehood could dwell in the soul of the lovely.

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ghosts of our fathers. We laid us down in dreams. — Trenmor came, before mine eyes, the tall form of other years. His blue hosts were behind him in half-distinguished rows. Scarce seen is their strife in mist, or their stretching forward to deaths. I listened; but no sound was there. The forms were empty wind.

I started from the dream of ghosts. On a sudden blast flew my whistling hair. Low-sounding, in the oak, is the departure of the dead. I took my shield from its bough. Onward came the rattling of steel. It was Oscar *) of Lego. He had seen his fathers.

As rushes forth the blast, on the bosom of whitening waves; so careless shall my course be, thro' ocean, to the dwelling of foes. I have seen the dead, my father. My beating soul

*) Oscar is here called *Oscar of Lego*, from his mother being the daughter of Branno, a powerful chief, on the banks of that lake. It is remarkable, that Ossian addresses no poem to Malvina, in which her lover Oscar was not one of the principal actors. His attention to her, after the death of his son, shews, that delicacy of sentiment is not confined, as some fondly imagine, to our own polished times.

foul is high. My fame is bright before me,
like the streak of light on a cloud, when the
broad sun comes forth, red traveller of the sky.

Grandson of Branno, I said; not Oscar alone
shall meet the foe. I rush forward, thro'
ocean, to the woody dwelling of heroes. Let
us contend, my son, like eagles, from one rock;
when they lift their broad wings, against the
stream of winds. — We raised our sails in
Carmona. From three ships, they marked my
shield on the wave, as I looked on nightly
Ton-thena*), red wanderer between the clouds.

— Four days came the breeze abroad. Lu-
mon came forward in mist. In winds were its
hundred groves. Sun-beams marked, at times,
its brown tide. White, leapt the foamy streams
from all its echoing rocks.

A green

*) Ton-thena, *fire of the wave*, was that remarkable star, which, as has been mentioned in the seventh book of Temora, directed the course of Lathon to Ireland. It seems to have been well known to those, who sailed on that sea, which divides Ireland from South-Britain. As the course of Ossian was along the coast of Inishuna, he mentions with propriety, that star which directed the voyage of the colony from that country to Ireland.

A green field, in the bosom of hills, winds
 silent with its own blue stream. Here, midst
 the waving of oaks, were the dwellings of
 kings of old. But silence, for many dark-brown
 years, had settled in grassy Rath-col*); for the
 race of heroes had failed, along the pleasant
 vale. — Duth-carmor was here, with his
 people, dark rider of the wave. Ton-thena had
 hid her head in the sky. He bounds his white-
 bosomed sails. His course is on the hills of
 Rath-col, to the seats of roes.

We came. I sent the bard, with songs,
 to call the foe to fight. Duth-carmor heard
 him, with joy. The king's soul was a beam of
 fire; a beam of fire, marked with smok, rush-
 ing, varied, thro' the bosom of night. The
 deeds

*) Rath-col, *woody field*, does not appear to have
 been the residence of Duth-carmor: he seems
 rather to have been forced thither by a storm;
 at least I should think that to be the meaning
 of the poet, from his expression, that *Ton-thena*
had hid her head, and that *he bounds his white-*
bosomed sails; which is as much as to say, that
 the weather was stormy, and that Duth-carmor
 put-in to the bay of Rath-col for shelter.

deeds of Duth-carmor were dark, tho' his arm was strong.

Night came, with the gathering of clouds, By the beam of the oak we sat down. At a distance stood Cathlin of Clutha. I saw the changing *) soul of the stranger. As shadows fly over the field of grass, so various is Cathlin's cheek. It was fair, within locks, that rose on Rath-col's wind. I did not rush, amidst his soul, with my words. I bade the song to rise.

Oscar

*) From this circumstance, succeeding bards feigned, that Cathlin, who is here in the disguise of a young warrior, had fallen in love with Duth-carmor, at a feast, to which he had been invited by her father. Her love was converted into detestation for him, after he had murdered her father. But as those rain-bows of heaven are changeable; say my authors, speaking of women, she felt the return of her former passion, upon the approach of Duth-carmor's danger. — I myself, who think more favourably of the sex, must attribute the agitation of Cathlin's mind to her extream sensibility to the injuries done her by Duth-carmor: and this opinion is favoured by the sequel of the story.

Oscar of Lego, I said, be thine the secret hill *), to night. Strike the shield, like Morven's kings. With day, thou shalt lead in war. From my rock, I shall see thee, Oscar, a dreadful form ascending in fight, like the appearance of ghosts, amidst the storms they raise. — Why should mine eyes return to the dim times of old, ere yet the song had burst forth, like the sudden rising of winds. — But the years, that are past, are marked with mighty deeds. As the nightly rider of waves looks up
to

*) This passage alludes to the well-known custom among the ancient kings of Scotland, to retire from their army on the night preceding a battle. — The story which Ossian introduces in the next paragraph, concerns the fall of the Druids, of which I gave some account in the dissertation prefixed to the first volume. It is said in many old poems, that the Druids, in the extremity of their affairs, had solicited and obtained aid from Scandinavia. Among the auxiliaries there came many pretended magicians: which circumstance Ossian alludes to, in his description of the *son of Loda*. — Magic and incantation could not, however, prevail: for Trenmor, assisted by the valour of his son Trathal, entirely broke the power of the Druids.

to Ton-thena of beams: so let us turn our eyes
to Trenmor, the father of kings.

Wide, in Caràcha's ecchoing field, Carmal
had poured his tribes. They were a dark ridge
of waves; the grey-haired bards were like
moving foam on their face. They kindled the
strife around with their red-rolling eyes. —
Nor alone were the dwellers of rocks; a son
of Loda was there; a voice, in his own dark
land, to call the ghosts from high. — On
his hill, he had dwelt, in Lochlin, in the midst
of a leafless grove. Five stones lifted, near,
their heads. Loud-roared his rushing stream.
He often raised his voice to winds, when me-
teors marked their nightly wings; when the
dark-crufted moon was rolled behind her hill.
Nor unheard of ghosts was he! — They came
with the sound of eagle-wings. They turned
battle, in fields, before the kings of men.

But Trenmor they turned not from battle;
he drew forward the troubled war; in its
dark skirt was Trathal, like a rising light. —
It was dark; and Loda's son poured forth his
signs, on night. — The feeble were not
before thee, son of other lands!

100 CATHLIN OF CLUTHA:

*) Then rose the strife of kings, about the hill of night; but it was soft as two summer-gales, shaking their light wings, on a lake. — Trenmor yielded to his son; for the fame of the king was heard. — Trathal came forth before his father, and the foes failed, in echoing Carácha. The years that are past, my son, are marked with mighty deeds **).

* * * * *

In clouds rose the eastern light. The foe came forth in arms. The strife is mixed at Rath-col, like the roar of streams. Behold the contending of kings! They meet beside the oak. In gleams of steel the dark forms are lost; such is the meeting of meteors, in a vale by night: red light is scattered round, and men foresee the storm. — Duth-carmor is low in blood.

The

*) Trenmor and Trathal. Ossian introduced this episode, as an example to his son, from ancient times.

**) Those who deliver down this poem in tradition, lament that there is a great part of it lost. In particular they regret the loss of an episode, which was here introduced, with the sequel of the story of Carmal and his Druids. Their attachment to it was founded on the descriptions of magical enchantments which it contained.

The son of Ossian overcame. Not harmless in battle was he, Malvina hand of harps!

Nor, in the field, are the steps of Cathlin. The stranger stood by a secret stream, where the foam of Rath-col skirted the mossy stones. Above, bends the branchy birch, and strews its leaves, on winds. The inverted spear of Cathlin touched, at times, the stream. — Oscar brought Duth-carmor's mail: his helmet with its eagle-wing. He placed them before the stranger, and his words were heard. — "The foes of thy father have failed. They are laid in the field of ghosts. Renown returns to Morven, like a rising wind. Why art thou dark, chief of Clutha? Is there cause for grief?"

Son of Ossian of harps, my soul is darkly-fad. I behold the arms of Cathmol, which he raised in war. Take the mail of Cathlin, place it high in Selma's hall; that thou mayst remember the hapless in thy distant land.

From white breast descended the mail. It was the race of kings; the soft-handed daughter of Cathmol, at the streams of Clutha. — Duth-carmor saw her bright in the hall, he ca-

102 CATHLIN OF CLUTHA: A POEM.

me, by night, to Clutha. Cathmol met him,
in battle, but the warrior fell. Three days
dwelt the foe, with the maid. On the fourth
she fled in arms. She remembered the race of
kings, and felt her bursting soul.

Why, maid of Toscar of Lutha, should I
tell how Cathlin failed? Her tomb is at rulhy
Lumon, in a distant land. Near it were the
steps of Sul-malla, in the days of grief. She
raised the song, for the daughter of strangers,
and touched the mournful harp.

Come, from the watching of night, Mal-
vina, lonely beam!

SUL-

A R G U M E N T
SUL-MALLA

OF

LUMON:

A

POEM.

A R G U M E N T.

This poem, which, properly speaking, is a continuation of the last, opens with an address to Sul-malla, the daughter of the king of Inis-huna; whom Ossian met, at the chace, as he returned from the battle of Rath-col. Sul-malla invites Ossian and Oscar to a feast, at the residence of her father, who was then absent in the wars. — Upon hearing their name and family, she relates an expedition of Fingal into Inis-huna. She casually mentioning Cathmor, chief of Atha, (who then assisted her father against his enemies) Ossian introduces the episode of Culgorm and Saran-drónlo, two Scandinavian kings, in whose wars Ossian himself and Cathmor were engaged on opposite sides. — The story is imperfect, a part of the original being lost. — Ossian, warned, in a dream, by the ghost of Trenmor, sets sail from Inis-huna.

5 N059

SUL-MALLA

OF

LUMON:

A POEM.

* **W**ho moves so stately, on Lumon, at
 the roar of the foamy waters? Her
 hair falls upon her heaving breast. White is
 her arm behind, as slow she bends the bow.
 Why

*) The expedition of Offian to Inis-huna happened
 a short time before Fingal passed over into Ire-
 land, to dethrone Cairbar the son of Borbar-
 duthul. Cathmor, the brother of Cairbar, was
 aiding Connor, king of Inis-huna, in his wars,
 at the time that Offian defeated Duth-carmor,
 in the valley of Rath-col. The poem is more
 interesting, that it contains so many particulars
 concerning those personages, who make so great
 a figure in Temora.

106 SUL-MALLA OF LUMON:

Why dost thou wander in deserts, like a light
thro' a cloudy field? The young roes are pant-
ing, by their secret rocks. — Return, thou
daughter of kings; the cloudy night is near.

It was the young branch of Lumon, Sul-
malla of blue eyes. She sent the bard from
her rock, to bid us to her feast. Amidst the
song we sat down, in Connor's echoing hall.
White moved the hands of Sul-malla, on the
tremb-

The exact correspondence in the manners and
customs of Inis-huna, as here described, to those
of Caledonia, leaves no room to doubt, that
the inhabitants of both were originally the same
people. Some may alledge, that Ossian might
transfer, in his poetical descriptions, the manner
of his own nation to foreigners. The objection
is easily answered: for had Ossian used that free-
dom in this passage, there is no reason why he
should paint the manners of the Scandinavians
so different from those of the Caledonians. We
find, however, the former very different in their
customs and superstitions from the nations of
Britain and Ireland. The Scandinavian manners
are remarkably barbarous and fierce, and seem
to mark out a nation much less advanced in ci-
vil society, than the inhabitants of Britain were
in the times of Ossian.

trembling strings. Half-heard, amidst the sound,
 was the name of Atha's king: he that was ab-
 sent in battle for her own green land. —
 Nor absent from her soul was he; he came
 midst her thoughts by night: Ton-thena looked
 in, from the sky, and saw her tossing arms.

The sound of the shells had ceased. Amidst
 long locks, Sul-malla rose. She spoke with
 bended eyes, and asked of our course thro'
 seas, "for of the kings of men are ye, tall
 riders of the wave *)." — Not unknown,
 I said,

*) Sul-malla here discovers the quality of Ossian
 and Oscar, from their stature and stately gait.
 Among nations, not far advanced in civilization,
 a superior beauty and stateliness of person were
 inseparable from nobility of blood. It was from
 these qualities, that those of family were known
 by strangers, not from tawdry trappings of sta-
 te injudiciously thrown round them. The cause
 of this distinguishing property, must, in some
 measure, be ascribed to their unmixed blood.
 They had no inducement to intermarry with the
 vulgar: and no low notions of interest made
 them deviate from their choice, in their own
 sphere. In states, where luxury has been long
 estab.

108 SUL-MALLA OF LUMON:

I said, at his streams is he, the father of our race. Fingal has been heard of at Cluba, blue-eyed daughter of kings. — Nor only, at Cona's stream, is Ossian and Oscar known. Foes trembled at our voice, and shrunk in other lands.

Not unmarked, said the maid, by Sul-malla, is the shield of Morven's king. It hangs high, in Connor's hall, in memory of the past; when Fingal came to Cluba, in the days of other years. Loud roared the boar of Culdarnu, in the midst of his rocks and woods. Inishuna sent her youths, but they failed; and virgins wept over tombs. — Careless went the king to Culdarnu. On his spear rolled the strength of the woods. — He was bright, they said, in his locks, the first of mortal men.

established, I am told, that beauty of person is, by no means, the characteristic of antiquity of family. This must be attributed to those enervating vices, which are inseparable from luxury and wealth. A great family, (to alter a little the words of the historian) it is true, like a river, becomes considerable from the length of its course: but, as it rolls on, hereditary distempers, as well as property, flow successively into it.

men. — Nor at the feast were heard his words. His deeds passed from his soul of fire, like the rolling of vapours from the face of the wandering sun. — Not careless looked the blue eyes of Cluba on his stately steps. In white bosoms rose the king of Selma, in midst of their thoughts by night. But the winds bore the stranger to the echoing vales of his roes. — Nor lost to other lands was he, like a meteor that sinks in a cloud. He came forth, at times, in his brightness, to the distant dwelling of foes. His fame came, like the sound of winds, to Cluba's woody vale*).

Dark.

*) Too partial to our own times, we are ready to mark out remote antiquity, as the region of ignorance and barbarism. This, perhaps, is extending our prejudices too far. It has been long remarked, that knowledge, in a great measure, is founded on a free intercourse between mankind; and that the mind is enlarged in proportion to the observations, it has made upon the manners of different men and nations. — If we look, with attention, into the history of Fin-gal, as delivered by Ossian, we shall find that he was not altogether a poor ignorant hunter,

con-

110 SUL-MALLA OF LUMON:

Darkness dwells in Cluba of harps: the race of kings is distant far; in battle is Connor of spears; and Lormar *) king of streams. Nor darkening alone are they; a beam, from other lands,

confined to the narrow corner of an island. His expeditions to all parts of Scandinavia, to the north of Germany, and the different states of Great Britain and Ireland, were very numerous, and performed under such a character, and at such times, as gave him an opportunity to mark the undisguised manners of mankind. — War and an active life, as they call forth, by turns, all the powers of the soul, present to us the different characters of men: in times of peace and quiet, for want of objects to exert them, the powers of the mind lie concealed, in a great measure, and we see only artificial passions and manners. — It is from this consideration I conclude, that a traveller of penetration could gather more genuine knowledge from a tour of ancient Gaul, than from the minutest observation of all the artificial manners, and elegant refinements of modern France.

*) Lormar was the son of Connor, and the brother of Sul-malla. After the death of Connor, Lormar succeeded him in the throne.

lands, is nigh: the friend *) of strangers in
Atha, the troubler of the field. High, from
their misty hills, look forth the blue eyes of
Erin; for he is far away, young dweller of
their souls. — Nor, harmless, white hands
of Erin! is he in the skirts of war; he rolls
ten thousand before him, in his distant field.

Not unseen by Ossian, I said, rushed
Cathmor from his streams, when he poured his
strength on I-thorno **), isle of many waves.

In

*) Cathmor, the son of Borbar-duthul. It would
appear, from the partiality with which Sul-ma-
la speaks of that hero, that she had seen him,
previous to his joining her father's army; the
tradition positively asserts, that it was, after his
return, that she fell in love with him.

**) I-thorno, says tradition, was an island of Scan-
dinavia. In it, at a hunting party, met Cul-
gorm and Suran-drónlo, the kings of two neigh-
bouring isles. They differed about the honour
of killing a boar; and a war was kindled be-
tween them. — From this episode we may
learn, that the manners of the Scandinavians we-
re much more savage and cruel, than those of
Britain. — It is remarkable, that the names,
introduced in this story, are not of Galic original,
which circumstance affords room to suppose,
that it had its foundation in true history.

III SUL-MALLA OF LUMON:

In strife met two kings in I-thornio, Culgorm
and Suran-drónlo: each from his echoing isle,
stern hunters of the boar!

They met a boar, at a foamy stream: each
pierced it with his steel. They strove for the
fame of the deed: and gloomy battle rose. From
isle to isle they sent a spear, broken and stain-
ed with blood, to call the friends of their fa-
thers, in their sounding arms. Cathmor came,
from Bolga, to Culgorm, red-eyed king: I aid-
ed Suran-drónlo, in his land of boars.

We rushed on either side of a stream,
which roared thro' a blasted heath. High bro-
ken rocks were round, with all their bending
trees. Near are two circles of Loda, with the
stone of power; where spirits descended, by
night, in dark-red streams of fire. — There,
mixed with the murmur of waters, rose the
voice of aged men, they called the forms of
night, to aid them in their war.

*) Heedless I stood, with my people, where
fell the foamy stream from rocks. The moon
moved

*) From the circumstance of Ossian not being pre-
sent at the rites, described in the preceding para-
graph,

moved red from the mountain. My song, at times, arose. Dark on the other side, young Cathmor heard my voice; for he lay, beneath the oak, in all his gleaming arms. — Morning came; we rushed to fight: from wing to wing, in the rolling of strife. They fell, like the thistle-head, beneath autumnal winds.

In armour came a stately form: I mixed my strokes with the king. By turns our shields are pierced: loud rung our steely mails. His helmet fell to the ground. In brightness shone the foe. His eyes, two pleasant flames, rolled between his wandering locks. — I knew the king of Atha, and threw my spear on earth. — Dark, we turned, and silent passed to mix with other foes.

Not

graph, we may suppose that he held them in contempt. This difference of sentiment, with regard to religion, is a sort of argument, that the Caledonians were not originally a colony of Scandinavians, as some have imagined. Concerning so remote a period, mere conjecture must supply the place of argument and positive proofs.

114 SUL-MALLA or LUMON:

Not so passed the striving kings *). They mixed in echoing fray: like the meeting of ghosts, in the dark wing of winds. Thro' either breast rushed the spears; nor yet lay the foes on earth. A rock received their fall; and half-reclined they lay in death. Each held the lock of his foe; and grimly seemed to roll his eyes. The stream of the rock leapt on their shields, and mixed below with blood.

The battle ceased in I-thorno. The strangers met in peace: Cathmor from Atha of streams, and Ossian, king of harps. We placed the dead in earth. Our steps were by Rúnar's bay. With the bounding boat, afar, advanced a ridgy wave. Dark was the rider of seas, but a beam of light was there, like the ray of the sun, in Stromlo's rolling smoak. It was the daugh-

*) Culgorm and Súran-dronlo. The combat of the kings and their attitude in death are highly picturesque, and expressive of that ferocity of manners, which distinguished the northern nations. — The wild melody of the versification of the original, is inimitably beautiful, and very different from the rest of the works of Ossian.

daughter *) of Suran-drónlo, wild in brightned looks. Her eyes were wandering flames, amidst dis-

*) Tradition has handed down the name of this princess. The bards call her Runo-forlo, which has no other sort of title for being genuine, but its not being of Galic original; a distinction, which the bards had not the art to preserve, when they feigned names for foreigners. The highland-fenachies, who very often endeavoured to supply the deficiency, they thought they found in the tales of Ossian, have given us the continuation of the story of the daughter of Suran-drónlo. The catastrophe is so unnatural, and the circumstances of it so ridiculously pompous, that for the sake of the inventors, I shall conceal them.

The wildly-beautiful appearance of Runo-forlo, made a deep impression on a chief, some ages ago, who was himself no contemptible poet. The story is romantic, but not incredible, if we make allowances for the lively imagination of a man of genius. Our chief sailing, in a storm, along one of the islands of Orkney, saw a woman, in a boat, near the shore, whom he thought, as he expresses it himself, *as beautiful as a sudden ray of the sun, on the dark-heaving deep*. The verses of Ossian, on the attitude of

116 SUL-MALLA OF LUMON:

disordered locks. Forward is her white arm, with the spear; her high-heaving breast is seen, white as foamy waves that rise, by turns, amidst rocks. They are beautiful, but they are terrible, and mariners call the winds.

Come, ye dwellers of Loda! Carchar, pale in the midst of clouds! Sluthmor, that stridest in airy halls! Corchtur, terrible in winds! Receive, from his daughter's spear, the foes of Suran-drónlo.

No

Runo-forlo, which was so similar to that of the woman in the boat, wrought so much on his fancy, that he fell desperately in love. — The winds, however, drove him from the coast, and, after a few days, he arrived at his residence in Scotland. — There his passion increased to such a degree, that two of his friends, fearing the consequence, sailed to the Orkneys, to carry to him the object of his desire. — Upon enquiry they soon found the nymph, and carried her to the enamoured chief: but mark his surprize, when, instead of *a ray of the sun*, he saw a skinny fisher-woman, more than middle-aged, appearing before him. — Tradition here ends the story: but it may be easily supposed, that the passion of the chief soon subsided.

No shadow, at his roaring streams; no
mildly-looking form was he! When he took
up his spear, the hawks shook their sounding
wings: for blood was poured around the steps
of dark-eyed Suran-drónlo.

He lighted me, no harmless beam, to glit-
ter on his streams. Like meteors, I was
bright, but I blasted the foes of Suran-drón-
lo. —————

* * * * *

Nor unconcerned heard Sul-malla, the
praise of Cathmor of shields. He was within
her soul, like a fire in secret heath, which
awakes at the voice of the blast, and sends
its beam abroad. Amidst the song removed
the daughter of kings, like the soft sound of
a summer-breeze; when it lifts the heads of
flowers, and curls the lakes and streams.

By night came a dream to Ossian; with-
out form stood the shadow of Trenmor. He
seemed to strike the dim shield, on Selma's
streamy rock. I rose, in my rattling steel; I

218 SUL-MALLA or LUMON: A POEM.

knew that war was near. Before the winds our
sails were spread; when Lumon shewed its
streams to the morn.

Come, from the watching of night, Mal-
vina, lonely beam!

He lighted me, no hostile beam to glit-
ter on his stream. Like meteoric fire
bright, but I blanch'd the face of Sul-malla
to see his light. Ready to leap, and
* * * * *

Not unnoted heard Sul-malla, the
pride of Cathoon, of the fields. The war
was loud, like a fire in the heart, which
awakened at the voice of the chief, and leada
islanders abroad. Though the long removed
the danger of kings, like the loud sound of
a cannon, and with its light and gleam,
his, again, the light of the war, and
his night came a warning to Ophir. His
out from flood the shadow of Cathoon. He
seem'd to strike the shield, on Sul-malla's
I told, in my watching feel: I
knew

CATH.

A R G U M E N T

First, in one of his voyages to the Orinoco islands, was discovered by a party of soldiers, near the entrance of Stano, a kind of boat, which Stano invited to a feast. A great number

CATH-LODA:

After Stano had invited to a feast, a great number of his warriors, who were invited to observe the motions of the enemy, the King himself, under the watch, observing the enemy, he accidentally observed the boat, where Stano had concealed his boat, the captive

P O E M.

DUAN FIRST.

ARGUMENT.

Fingal, in one of his voyages to the Orkney islands, was driven, by stress of weather, into a bay of Scandinavia, near the residence of Starno, king of Lochlin. Starno invites Fingal to a feast. Fingal, doubting the faith of the king, and mindful of his former breach of hospitality, [Fingal, b. 3.] refuses to go. — Starno gathers together his tribes: Fingal resolves to defend himself. — Night coming on, Duth-márno proposes to Fingal, to observe the motions of the enemy. — The king himself undertakes the watch. Advancing towards the enemy, he, accidentally, comes to the cave of Turthor, where Starno had confined Conban-carglas, the captive daughter of a neighbouring chief. — Her story is imperfect, a part of the original being lost. — Fingal comes to a place of worship, where Starno and his son, Swaran, consulted the spirit of Loda, concerning the issue of the war. — The rencounter of Fingal and Swaran. — The *duän* concludes, with a description of the airy hall of Cruthloda, supposed to be the Odin of Scandinavia.

A. D. O. (121) C. A. O. 282

CATH-LODA:

A

P O E M.

DUAN*) FIRST.

A tale of the times of old! — Why,
thou wanderer unseen, that bendest the
thistle of Lora, — why, thou breeze of the
valley, hast thou left mine ear? I hear no di-
stant

*) The bards distinguished those compositions, in which the narration is often interrupted, by episodes and apostrophes, by the name of *Duān*. Since the extinction of the order of the bards, it has been a general name for all ancient compositions in verse. — The abrupt manner in which the story of this poem begins, may render it obscure to some readers; it may not therefore

stant roar of streams, no sound of the harp,
 from the rocks! Come, thou huntress of Lutha,
 send back his soul to the bard.

I look

be improper, to give here the traditional preface, which is generally prefixed to it. Two years after he took to wife Ros-crana, the daughter of Cormac, king of Ireland, Fingal undertook an expedition into Orkney, to visit his friend Cathulla, king of Inistore. After staying a few days at Carric-thura, the residence of Cathulla: the king set sail, to return to Scotland; but a violent storm arising, his ships were driven into a bay of Scandinavia, near Gormal, the seat of Starno, king of Lochlin, his avowed enemy. Starno, upon the appearance of strangers on his coast, summoned together the neighbouring tribes, and advanced, in a hostile manner, towards the bay of U-thórno, where Fingal had taken shelter. Upon discovering who the strangers were, and fearing the valour of Fingal, which he had, more than once, experienced before, he resolved to accomplish by treachery, what he was afraid he should fail in by open force. He invited, therefore, Fingal to a feast, at which he intended to assassinate him. The king prudently declined to go, and Starno betook himself to arms. — The sequel of the story may be learned from the poem itself.

I look forward to Lochlin of lakes, to the dark, ridgy bay of U-thórno, where Fingal descended from ocean, from the roar of winds: Few are the heroes of Morven, in a land unknown! — Starno sent a dweller of Loda, to bid Fingal to the feast; but the king remembered the past, and all his rage arose.

Nor Gormal's mossy towers, nor Starno shall Fingal behold: Deaths wander, like shadows, over his fiery soul. Do I forget that beam of light, the white-handed daughter *) of kings? Go, son of Loda; his words are but blasts to Fingal: blasts, that, to and fro, roll the thistle, in autumnal vales.

Duth-maruno **), arm of death! Crommaglas, of iron shields! Struthmor, dweller of batt-

*) Agandecca, the daughter of Starno, whom her father killed, on account of her discovering to Fingal, a plot laid against his life. Her story is related at large, in the third book of Fingal.

**) Duth-maruno is a name very famous in tradition. Many of his great actions are handed down: but the poems, which contained the detail of them,

battle's wing! Cormar, whose ships bound on seas, careless as the course of a meteor, on dark streaming clouds! Arise, around me, children of heroes, in a land unknown. Let each look on his shield, like Trenmor, the ruler of battles. "Come down, said the king, thou dweller between the harps. Thou shalt roll this stream away, or dwell with me in earth."

Around him they rose in wrath. — No words came forth: they seized their spears. Each soul is rolled into itself. — At length the

sud-

them, are long since lost. He lived, it is supposed, in that part of the north of Scotland, which is over against Orkney. Dath-maruno, Cromma-glas, Struthmor, and Cormar, are mentioned, as attending Comhal, in his last battle against the tribe of Morni, in a poem, which is still preserved. It is not the work of Ossian; the phraseology betrays it to be a modern composition. It is something like those trivial compositions, which the Irish bards forged, under the name of Ossian, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. — Dath-maruno signifies, *black and steady*; Cromma-glas, *bending and swartby*; Struthmor, *raaring stream*; Cormar, *expert at sea*.

sudden clang is waked, on all their ecchoing shields. — Each took his hill, by night; at intervals, they darkly stood. Unequal bursts the hum of songs, between the roaring wind. — Broad over them rose the moon. — In his arms, came tall Duth-maruno; he from Cromacharn of rocks, stern hunter of the boar. In his dark boat he rose on waves, when Crumthormoth*) awaked its woods. In the chace he shone, among his foes: — No fear was thine, Duth-maruno.

Son of Comhal, he said, my steps shall be forward thro' night. From this shield I shall view them, over their gleaming tribes. Starno, of lakes, is before me, and Swaran, the foe of strangers. Their words are not in vain, by Loda's stone of power. — If Duth-maruno returns not, his spouse is lonely, at home, where meet two roaring streams, on Crathmo-craulo's plain. Around are hills, with their woods; the ocean is rolling near. My son
looks

*) Crumthormoth, one of the Orkney or Shetland islands. The name is not of Galic original. It was subject to its own petty king, who is mentioned in one of Ossian's poems.

looks on screaming sea-fowl, young wanderer of the field. Give the head of a boar to Candona *), tell him of his father's joy, when the bristly strength of I-thorno rolled on his lifted spear.

Not

*) Cean-daona, *head of the people*, the son of Duthmaruno. He became afterwards famous, in the expeditions of Ossian, after the death of Fingah. The traditional tales concerning him are very numerous; and, from the epithet, in them, bestowed on him (*Candona of boars*) it would appear, that he applied himself to that kind of hunting, which his father, in this paragraph, is so anxious to recommend to him. As I have mentioned the traditional tales of the Highlands, it may not be improper here, to give some account of them. After the expulsion of the bards, from the houses of the chiefs, they being an indolent race of men, owed all their subsistence to the generosity of the vulgar, whom they diverted with repeating the compositions of their predecessors, and running up the genealogies of their entertainers to the family of their chiefs. As this subject was, however, soon exhausted, they were obliged to have recourse to invention, and form stories having no foundation in fact, which

we

Not forgetting my fathers, said Fingal, I
have bounded over ridgy seas: theirs was the
times of danger, in the days of old. Nor ga-
thers

were swallowed, with great credulity, by an i-
gnorant multitude. By frequent repeating, the
fable grew upon their hands; and, as each threw
in whatever circumstance he thought conducive
to raise the admiration of his hearers, the story
became, at last, so devoid of all probability,
that even the vulgar themselves did not believe it.
They, however, liked the tales so well, that the
bards found their advantage in turning professed
tale-makers. They then launched out into the
wildest regions of fiction and romance. I firmly
believe, there are more stories of giants, enchant-
ed castles, dwarfs, and palfreys, in the High-
lands, than in any country in Europe. These ta-
les, it is certain, like other romantic compositions,
have many things in them unnatural, and, con-
sequently, disgusting to true taste: but, I know
not how it happens, they command attention mo-
re than any other fictions I ever met with. —
The extream length of these pieces is very sur-
prising, some of them requiring many days to
repeat them: but such hold they take of the me-
mory, that few circumstances are ever omitted
by those, who have received them only from oral

thers darkness on me, before foes, tho' I am young, in my locks. — Chief of Crathmo-craulo, the field of night is mine.

He rushed, in all his arms, wide-bounding over Turthor's stream, that sent its sullen roar, by night, thro' Gormal's misty vale. — A moon-beam glittered on a rock; in the midst, stood a stately form; a form with floating locks, like Lochlin's white-bosomed maids. — Unequal are her steps, and short: she throws a broken song on wind. At times she tosses her white arms: for grief is in her soul.

Torcul-torno *), of aged lock! where now are thy steps, by Lulan? thou hast failed, at
thine

tradition. What is more amazing, the very language of the bards is still preserved. It is curious to see, that the descriptions of magnificence, introduced in these tales, is even superior to all the pompous oriental fictions of the kind.

*) Torcul-torno, according to tradition, was king of Crathlun, a district in Sweden. The river Lulan ran near the residence of Torcul-torno. There

thine own dark streams, father of Conban-carglas! But I behold thee, chief of Lulan, sporting by Loda's hall, when the dark-skirted night is poured along the sky.

Thou,

is a river in Sweden, still called Lula, which is probably the same with Lulan. The war between Starno and Torcul-torno, which terminated in the death of the latter, had its rise at a hunting party. Starno being invited, in a friendly manner, by Torcul-torno, both kings, with their followers, went to the mountains of Stivamor, to hunt. A boar rushed from the wood before the kings, and Torcul-torno killed it. Starno thought this behaviour a breach upon the privilege of guests, who were always honoured, as tradition expresses it, *with the danger of the chase*. A quarrel arose, the kings came to battle, with all their attendants, and the party of Torcul-torno were totally defeated, and he himself slain. Starno pursued his victory, laid waste the district of Crathlun, and, coming to the residence of Torcul-torno, carried off, by force, Conban-carglas, the beautiful daughter of his enemy. Her he confined in a cave, near the palace of Gormal, where, on account of her cruel treatment, she became distracted.

The

Thou, sometimes, hidest the moon, with thy shield. I have seen her dim, in heaven. Thou kindlest thy hair into meteors, and failest along the night. — Why am I forgot in my cave, king of shaggy boars? Look from the hall of Loda, on lonely Conban-carglas.

"Who art thou, said Fingal, voice of night?" — She trembling, turned away. "Who art thou, in thy darkness?" — She shrunk into the cave. — The king loosed the thong from her hands; he asked about her fathers.

Torcul-torno, she said, once dwelt at Lulan's foamy stream: he dwelt — but, now, in Loda's hall, he shakes the sounding shell. He met Starno of Lochlin, in battle; long fought the dark-eyed kings. My father fell, at length, blue-shielded Torcul-torno.

By

The paragraph, just now before us, is the song of Conban-carglas, at the time she was discovered by Fingal. It is in lyric measure, and set to music, which is wild and simple, and so inimitably suited to the situation of the unhappy lady, that few can hear it without tears.

By a rock, at Lulan's stream, I had pierced the bounding roe. My white hand gathered my hair, from off the stream of winds. I heard a noise. Mine eyes were up. My soft breast rose on high. My step was forward, at Lulan, to meet thee, Torcul-torno.

It was Starno, dreadful king! — His red eyes rolled on Conban-carglas. Dark waved his shaggy brow, above his gathered smile. Where is my father, I said, he that was mighty in war? Thou art left alone among foes, daughter of Torcul-torno!

He took my hand. He raised the sail. In this cave he placed me dark. At times, he comes, a gathered mist. He lifts, before me, my father's shield. Often passes a beam *) of youth, far-distant from my cave. He dwells lonely in the soul of the daughter of Torcul-torno.

Daughter

*) By the beam of youth, it afterwards appears, that Conban-carglas means Swaran, the son of Starno, with whom, during her confinement, she had fallen in love.

Daughter of Lulan, said Fingal, white-handed Conban-carglas; a cloud, marked with streaks of fire, is rolled along the soul! Look not to that dark-robed moon; nor yet to those meteors of heaven; my gleaming steel is around thee, daughter of Torcul-torno.

It is not the steel of the feeble, nor of the dark in soul. The maids are not shut in our *) caves of streams; nor tossing their white arms alone. They bend, fair within their locks, above the harps of Selma. Their voice is not in the desert wild, young light of Torcul-torno.

* * * * *

Fingal,

*) From this contrast, which Fingal draws, between his own nation, and the inhabitants of Scandinavia, we may learn, that the former were much less barbarous than the latter. This distinction is so much observed throughout the poems of Ossian, that there can be no doubt, that he followed the real manners of both nations in his own time. At the close of the speech of Fingal, there is a great part of the original lost.

Fingal, again, advanced his steps, wide thro' the bosom of night, to where the trees of Loda shook amidst squally winds. Three stones, with heads of moss, are there; a stream, with foaming course; and dreadful, rolled around them, is the dark-red cloud of Loda. From its top looked forward a ghost, half-formed of the shadowy sinoak. He poured his voice, at times, amidst the roaring stream. — Near, bending beneath a blasted tree, two heroes received his words: Swaran of the lakes, and Starno foe of strangers. — On their dun shields, they darkly leaned: their spears are forward in night. Shrill sounds the blast of darkness, in Starno's floating beard.

They heard the tread of Fingal. The warriors rose in arms. "Swaran, lay that wanderer low, said Starno, in his pride. Take the shield of thy father; it is a rock in war." — Swaran threw his gleaming spear: it stood fixed in Loda's tree. Then came the foes forward, with swords. They mixed their rattling steel. Thro' the thongs of Swaran's shield rushed the blade *) of Luno. The shield fell rolling on earth.

*) The sword of Fingal, so called from its maker, Luno of Lochlin.

earth. Cleft the helmet *) fell down. Fingal
stopt the lifted steel. Wrathful stood Swaran,
unarmed. He rolled his silent eyes, and threw
his sword on earth. Then, slowly stalking over
the stream, he whistled as he went.

Nor unseen of his father is Swaran. Starno
turned away in wrath. His shaggy brows wav-
ed dark, above his gathered rage. He struck
Loda's tree, with his spear; he raised the hum
of songs. — They came to the host of Lochlin,
each in his own dark path; like two foam-cover-
ed streams, from two rainy vales.

To Turthor's plain Fingal returned. Fair
rose the beam of the east. It shone on the
spoils of Lochlin in the hand of the king. From
her cave came forth, in her beauty, the daugh-
ter of Torcul-torno. She gathered her hair from
wind; and wildly raised her song. The song of
Lulan of shells, where once her father dwelt.

She saw Starno's bloody shield. Gladness
rose, a light, on her face. She saw the cleft
helmet

*) The helmet of Swaran. The behaviour of Fingal
is always consistent with that generosity of spirit,
which belongs to a hero. He takes no advanta-
ge of a foe disarmed.

helmet of Swaran *); she shrunk, darkened,
from the king. — "Art thou fallen, by
thy hundred streams, o love of Conban-car-
glas!" —

* * * * *
* * * * *

U-thorno, that risest in waters; on whose
side are the meteors of night! I behold the dark
moon descending behind thy echoing woods.
On thy top dwells the misty Loda, the house
of the spirits of men. — In the end of his
cloudy hall bends forward Cruth-loda of swords.
His form is dimly seen, amidst his wavy mist.
His right hand is on his shield: in his left is
the

*) Conban-carglas, from seeing the helmet of Swa-
ran bloody in the hands of Fingal, conjectured,
that that hero was killed. — A part of the origi-
nal is lost. It appears, however, from the sequel
of the poem, that the daughter of Torcul-torno
did not long survive her surprize, occasioned by
the supposed death of her lover. — The de-
scription of the airy hall of Loda (which is suppos-
ed to be the same with that of Odin, the dei-
ty of Scandinavia) is more picturesque and de-
scriptive, than any in the Edda, or other works
of the northern Scalders.

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the half-viewless shell. The roof of his dreadful hall is marked with nightly fires.

The race of Cruth-loda advance, a ridge of formless shades. He reaches the sounding shell, to those who shone in war; but, between him and the feeble, his shield rises, a crust of darkness. He is a setting meteor to the weak in arms. — Bright, as a rain-bow on streams, came white-armed Conban-carglas. —

5 N059

CATH.

CATH-LODA:

A
P O E M.

DUAN SECOND.

A R G U M E N T.

Fingal returning, with day, devolves the command of the army on Duth-maruno, who engages the enemy, and drives them over the stream of Turthor. Fingal, after recalling his people, congratulates Duth-maruno on his success; but discovers, that that hero was mortally wounded in the engagement. — Duth-maruno dies. Ullin, the bard, in honour of the dead, introduces the episode of Colgorm and Strina-dona, with which the *duán* concludes.



CATH-LODA:

A

P O E M.

DUAN SECOND.

Where art thou, son of the king? said
 dark-haired Duth-maruno. Where hast
 thou failed, young beam of Selma? — He
 returns not from the bosom of night! Morning
 is spread on U-thorno, in his mist is the sun,
 on his hill. — Warriors, lift the shields,
 in my presence. He must not fall, like a fire
 from heaven, whose place is not marked on the
 ground. — He comes like an eagle, from
 the skirt of his squally wind! In his hand are
 the spoils of foes. — King of Selma, our
 souls were sad.

Near us are the foes, Duth-maruno. They
 come forward, like waves in mist, when their
 foamy

foamy tops are seen, at times, above the low-
 sailing vapour. — The traveller shrinks on
 his journey, and knows not whither to fly. —
 No trembling travellers are we! — Sons of
 heroes, call forth the steel. — Shall the sword
 of Fingal arise, or shall a warrior lead?

*) The deeds of old, said Duth-maruno,
 are like paths to our eyes, o Fingal. Broad-
 shielded

*) In this short episode we have a very probable ac-
 count given us, of the origin of monarchy in
 Caledonia. The *Caël*, or Gauls, who possessed
 the countries to the north of the Firth of Edin-
 burgh, were, originally, a number of distinct
 tribes, or clans, each subject to its own chief,
 who was free and independent of any other pow-
 er. When the Romans invaded them, the com-
 mon danger might, perhaps, have induced those
reguli, to join together: but, as they were un-
 willing to yield to the command of one of their
 own number, their battles were ill-conducted,
 and, consequently, unsuccessful. — Trenmor
 was the first who represented to the chiefs, the
 bad consequences of carrying on their wars in
 this irregular manner, and advised, that they
 themselves should alternately lead in battle. They
 did

shielded Trenmor is still seen, amidst his own dim years. Nor feeble was the soul of the king. There, no dark deed wandered in secret. — From their hundred streams came the tribes, to grassy Colglan-crona. Their chiefs were before them. Each strove to lead the war. Their swords were often half-unsheathed. Red rolled their eyes of rage. Separate they stood, and hummed their furly songs. — “Why should they yield to each other? their fathers were equal in war.”

Trenmor

did so, but they were unsuccessful. When it came to Trenmor's turn, he totally defeated the enemy, by his superior valour and conduct; which gained him such an interest among the tribes, that he, and his family after him, were regarded as kings; or, to use the poet's expression, *the words of power rushed forth from Selma of kings.* — The regal authority, however, except in time of war, was but inconsiderable; for every chief, within his own district, was absolute and independent. — From the scene of the battle in this episode (which was in the valley of Crona, a little to the north of Agricola's wall) I should suppose, that the enemies of the Caledonians were the Romans, or provincial Britons.

Trenmor was there, with his people, stately in youthful locks. He saw the advancing foe. The grief of his soul arose. He bade the chiefs to lead, by turns: they led, but they were rolled away. — From his own mossy hill, blue-shielded Trenmor came down. He led wide-skirted battle, and the strangers failed. Around him the dark-browed warriors came: they struck the shield of joy. Like a pleasant gale, the words of power rushed forth from Selma of kings. But the chiefs led, by turns, in war, till mighty danger rose: then was the hour of the king, to conquer in the field.

“Not unknown, said Cromma-glas *) of shields, are the deeds of our fathers. — But who

*) In tradition, this Cromma-glas makes a great figure in that battle, which Comhal lost, together with his life, to the tribe of Morni. I have just now, in my hands, an Irish composition, of a very modern date, as appears from the language, in which all the traditions, concerning that decisive engagement, are jumbled together. In justice to the merit of the poem, I should have here presented to the reader a translation of it, did not

who shall now lead the war, before the race of kings? Mist settles on these four dark hills: within it let each warrior strike his shield. Spirits may descend in darkness, and mark us for the war." — They went, each to his hill

not the bard mention some circumstances very ridiculous, and others altogether indecent. Morna, the wife of Comhal, had a principal hand in all the transactions previous to the defeat and death of her husband; she, to use the words of the bard, *who was the guiding star of the women of Erin*. The bard, it is to be hoped, misrepresented the ladies of his country: for Morna's behaviour was, according to him, so void of all decency and virtue, that it cannot be supposed, they had chosen her for their *guiding star*. —

The poem consists of many stanzas. The language is figurative, and the numbers harmonious; but the piece is so full of anachronisms, and so unequal in its composition, that the author, most undoubtedly, was either mad, or drunk, when he wrote it. — — It is worthy of being remarked, that Comhal is, in this poem, very often called, *Comhal na b' Aibin*, or *Comhal of Albin*; which sufficiently demonstrates, that the allegations of Keating and O' Flaherty, concerning *Fion Mac-Comhal*, are but of late invention.

hill of mist. Bards marked the sounds of the shields. Loudest rung thy bos, Duth-maruno. Thou must lead in war.

Like the murmur of waters, the race of U-thorno came down. Starno led the battle, and Swaran of stormy isles. They looked forward from iron shields, like Cruth-loda fiery-eyed, when he looks from behind the darkened moon, and strews his signs on night.

The foes met by Turthor's stream. They heaved like ridgy waves. Their ecchoing strokes are mixed. Shadowy death flies over the hosts. They were clouds of hail, with squally winds in their skirts. Their showers are roaring together. Below them swells the dark-rolling deep.

Strife of gloomy U-thorno, why should I mark thy wounds? Thou art with the years that are gone; thou fadest on my soul. Starno brought forward his skirt of war, and Swaran his own dark wing. Nor a harmless fire is Duth-maruno's sword. — Lochlin is rolled over her streams. The wrathful kings are folded in thoughts. They roll their silent eyes,
over

over the sight of their land. — The horn of Fingal was heard: the sons of woody Albin returned. But many lay, by Turthor's stream, silent in their blood.

Chief of Crom-charn, said the king, Duth-maruno, hunter of boars! not harmless returns my eagle, from the field of foes. For this white-bosomed Lanul shall brighten, at her streams; Candona shall rejoice at rocky Crathmo-craulo.

Colgorm *), replied the chief, was the first of my race in Albin; Colgorm, the rider of ocean, thro' its watry vales. He slew his brother

*) The family of Duth-maruno, it appears, came originally from Scandinavia; or, at least, from some of the northern isles, subject in chief, to the kings of Lochlin. The Highland-senachies, who never missed to make their comments on, and additions to, the works of Ossian, have given us a long list of the ancestors of Duth-maruno; and a particular account of their actions, many of which are of the marvellous kind. One of the tale-makers of the north has chosen for his hero, Starnmor, the father of Duth-maruno, and, considering the adventures thro' which he

brother in I-thorno: he left the land of his fathers. He chose his place, in silence, by rocky Crathmo-craulo. His race came forth, in their years; they came forth to war, but they always fell. The wound of my fathers is mine, king of ecchoing isles!

He drew an arrow from his side. He fell pale, in a land unknown. His soul came forth to his fathers, to their stormy isle. There they pursued boars of mist, along the skirts of winds. — The chiefs stood silent around, as the stones of Loda, on their hill. The traveller sees them, thro' the twilight, from his lonely path. He thinks them the ghosts of the aged, forming future wars.

Night came down, on U-thorno. Still stood the chiefs in their grief. The blast hissed, by turns, thro' every warrior's hair. — Fingal, at length, bursted forth from the thoughts of his soul. He called Ullin of harps, and bade the song to rise. — No falling fire, that is only seen, and then retires in night; no de-
part-

has led him, the piece is neither disagteeable, nor abounding with that kind of fiction, which shocks credibility.

parting meteor was Crathmo-craulo's chief. He was like the strong-beaming sun, long rejoicing on his hill. Call the names of his fathers, from their dwellings old.

I-thorno *), said the bard, that risest midst ridgy seas! Why is thy head so gloomy, in the ocean's mist? From thy valès came forth a race, fearless as thy strong-winged eagles; the race of Colgorm of iron shields, dwellers of Loda's hall.

In

- *) This episode is, in the original, extremely beautiful. It is set to that wild kind of music, which some of the Highlanders distinguish, by the title of *Fòn Oi-marra*, or, the *Song of mermaids*. Some part of the air is absolutely infernal, but there are many returns in the measure, which are inexpressibly wild and beautiful. From the genius of the music, I should think it came originally from Scandinavia, for the fictions delivered down concerning the *Oi-marra*, (who are reputed the authors of the music) exactly correspond with the notions of the northern nations, concerning their *diræ*, or, *goddesses of death*. — Of all the names in this episode, there is none of a Galic original, except *Strina-dona*, which signifies, the *strife of heroes*.

In Tormoth's resounding isle, arose Lurthan, streamy hill. It bent its woody head above a silent vale. There, at foamy Cruruth's source, dwelt Rur-mar, hunter of boars. His daughter was fair as a sun-beam, white-bosomed Strina-dona!

Many a king of heroes, and hero of iron shields; many a youth of heavy locks came to Rur-mar's echoing hall. They came to woo the maid, the stately huntress of Tormoth wild. — But thou lookest careless from thy steps, high-bosomed Strina-dona!

If on the heath she moved, her breast was whiter than the down of Cana *); if on the sea-beat shore, than the foam of the rolling ocean. Her eyes were two stars of light; her face was heaven's bow in showers; her dark hair flowed round it, like the streaming clouds. —

Thou

*) The *Cana* is a certain kind of grass, which grows plentifully in the heathy morasses of the north. Its stalk is of the reedy kind, and it carries a tuft of down, very much resembling cotton. It is excessively white, and, consequently, often introduced by the bards, in their similes concerning the beauty of women.

Thou wert the dweller of souls, white-handed
Strina-dona!

Colgorm came, in his ship, and Corcul-
furan, king of shells. The brothers came, from
I-thornio, to woo the sun-beam of Tormoth's is-
le. She saw them in their ecchoing steel. Her
soul was fixed on blue-eyed Colgorm. — Ul-
lochlin's *) nightly eye looked in, and saw the
tossing arms of Strina-dona.

Wrathful the brothers frowned. Their flam-
ing eyes, in silence, met. They turned away.
They struck their shields. Their hands were
trembling on their swords. They rushed into
the strife of heroes, for long-haired Strina-
dona.

Corcul-furan fell in blood. On his isle,
raged the strength of his father. He turned
Colgorm, from I-thornio, to wander on all the
winds. — Crathmo-craulo's rocky field, he
dwelt, by a foreign stream. Nor darkened the
king alone, that beam of light was near, the
daughter

*) Ul-lochlin, the guide to Lochlin; the name of
a star.

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daughter of echoing Tormoth, white-armed
Strina-dona *).

- *) The continuation of this episode is just now in my hands; but the language is so different from, and the ideas so unworthy of, Ossian, that I have rejected it, as an interpolation by a modern bard.
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CATH-

CATH-LODA:

A
P O E M.

DUAN THIRD.

ARGUMENT.

Offian, after some general reflections, describes the situation of Fingal, and the position of the army of Lochlin. — The conversation of Starno and Swaran. — The episode of Cormar-trunar and Foinar-bragal. — Starno, from his own example, recommends to Swaran, to surprize Fingal, who had retired alone to a neighbouring hill. Upon Swaran's refusal, Starno undertakes the enterprize himself, is overcome, and taken prisoner, by Fingal. — He is dismissed, after a severe reprimand for his cruelty.

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CATH-LODA:

A

P O E M.

DUAN THIRD.

Whence is the stream of years? Whither
do they roll along? Where have they
hid, in mist, their many-coloured sides? I look
into the times of old, but they seem dim to
Ossian's eyes, like reflected moon-beams, on a
distant lake. Here rise the red beams of war!
— There, silent, dwells a feeble race! They
mark no years with their deeds, as slow they
pass along. — Dweller between the shields;
thou that awakest the failing soul, descend from
thy wall, harp of Cona, with thy voices three!
Come with that which kindles the past: rear the
forms of old, on their own dark-brown years!

*) Uthorno, hill of storms, I behold my
 race on thy side. Fingal is bending, in night,
 over Duth - maruno's tomb. Near him are
 the steps of his heroes, hunters of the boar. —

By

*) The bards, who were always ready to supply
 what they thought deficient in the poems of Of-
 fian, have inserted a great many incidents be-
 tween the second and third *dnán* of Cath-loda.
 Their interpolations are so easily distinguished
 from the genuine remains of Ossian, that it took
 me very little time to mark them out, and to-
 tally to reject them. If the modern Scotch and
 Irish bards have shewn any judgment, it is in
 ascribing their own compositions to names of
 antiquity: for, by that means, they themselves
 have escaped that contempt, which the authors
 of such futile performances must, necessarily, ha-
 ve met with, from people of true taste. — I
 was led into this observation, by an Irish poem,
 just now before me. It concerns a descent ma-
 de by Swaran, king of Lochlin, on Ireland,
 and is the work, says the traditional preface
 prefixed to it, of *Ossian Mac-Fion*. It however
 appears, from several pious ejaculations, that it
 was rather the composition of some good priest,
 in the fifteenth or sixteenth century, for he
 speaks,

By Turthor's stream the host of Lochlin is deep in shades. The wrathful kings stood on two hills; they looked forward from their bossy shields. They looked forward on the stars of night, red-wandering in the west. Cruth-loda bends from high, like a formless meteor in clouds. He sends abroad the winds, and marks them, with his signs. Starvo foresaw, that Morven's king was never to yield in war.

He

speaks, with great devotion, of pilgrimage, and more particularly, of the *blue-eyed daughters of the convent*. Religious, however, as this poet was, he was not altogether decent, in the scenes he introduces between Swaran and the wife of *Congcullion*, both of whom he represents as giants. It happening unfortunately, that *Congcullion* was only of a moderate stature, his wife, without hesitation, preferred Swaran, as a more adequate match for her own gigantic size. From this fatal preference proceeded so much mischief, that the good poet altogether lost sight of his principal action; and he ends the piece, with an advice to men, in the choice of their wives, which, however good it may be, I shall leave concealed in the obscurity of the original.

He twice struck the tree in wrath. He rushed before his son. He hummed a surly song; and heard his hair in wind. Turned *) from one another, they stood, like two oaks, which different winds had bent; each hangs over its own loud rill, and shakes its boughs in the course of blasts.

Annir, said Starno of lakes, was a fire that consumed of old. He poured death from his eyes, along the striving fields. His joy was in the fall of men. Blood, to him, was a summer-stream, that brings joy to withered vales, from its own mossy rock. — He came forth to the lake Luth-cormo, to meet the tall

*) The surly attitude of Starno and Swaran is well adapted to their fierce and uncomplying dispositions. Their characters, at first sight, seem little different; but, upon examination, we find, that the poet has dexterously distinguished between them. They were both dark, stubborn, haughty and reserved: but Starno was cunning, revengeful, and cruel, to the highest degree; the disposition of Swaran, though savage, was less bloody, and somewhat tinged with generosity. It is doing injustice to Ossian, to say, that he has not a great variety of characters.

tall Corman-trunar, he from Urlor of streams,
dweller of battle's wing.

The chief of Urlor had come to Gormal,
with his dark-bosomed ships; he saw the
daughter of Annir, white-armed Foinar-bragal.
He saw her: nor careless rolled her eyes, on
the rider of stormy waves. She fled to his ship
in darkness, like a moon-beam thro' a nightly
vale. — Annir pursued along the deep; he
called the winds of heaven. — Nor alone
was the king; Starno was by his side. Like
U-thorno's young eagle, I turned my eyes on
my father.

We came to roaring Urlor. With his people
came tall Corman-trunar. We fought; but the
foe prevailed. In his wrath stood Annir of la-
kes. He lopped the young trees, with his sword.
His eyes rolled red in his rage. I marked the
foul of the king, and I retired in night. —
From the field I took a broken helmet: a shield
that was pierced with steel: pointless was the
spear in my hand. I went to find the foe.

On a rock sat tall Corman-trunar, beside
his burning oak; and near him, beneath a tree,
sat deep-bosomed Foinar-bragal. I threw my
broken

broken shield before her; and spoke the words of peace. — Beside his rolling sea, lies Annir of many lakes. The king was pierced in battle; and Starno is to raise his tomb. Me, a son of Loda, he sends to white-handed Foinar-bragal, to bid her send a lock from her hair, to rest with her father, in earth. — And thou king of roaring Urlor, let the battle cease, till Annir receive the shell, from fiery-eyed Cruth-loda.

*) Bursting into tears, she rose, and tore a lock from her hair; a lock, which wandered, in the blast, along her heaving breast. — Corman-trunar gave the shell; and bade me to rejoice before him. — I rested in the shade of night; and hid my face in my helmet deep. — Sleep descended on the foe. I rose, like a stalk-

*) Ossian is very partial to the fair sex. Even the daughter of the cruel Annir, the sister of the revengeful and bloody Starno, partakes not of those disagreeable characters so peculiar to her family. She is altogether tender and delicate. Homer, of all ancient poets, uses the sex with least ceremony. His cold contempt is even worse, than the downright abuse of the moderns; for to draw abuse implies the possession of some merit.

a stalking ghost. I pierced the side of Cormant-
trunar. Nor did Foinar-bragal escape. She
rolled her white bosom in blood. Why then,
daughter of heroes, didst thou wake my rage?
—— Morning rose. The foe were fled, like
the departure of mist. Annir struck his bossy
shield. He called his dark-haired son. I came,
streaked with wandering blood: thrice rose the
shout of the king, like the bursting-forth of a
squall of wind, from a cloud, by night. ——
We rejoiced, three days, above the dead, and
called the hawks of heaven. They came, from
all their winds, to feast on Annir's foes. ——
Swaran! —— Fingal is alone *), on his hill
of night. Let thy spear pierce the king in se-
cret; like Annir, my soul shall rejoice.

Son of Annir of Gormal, Swaran shall not
slay in shades. I move forth in light: the
hawks

*) Fingal, according to the custom of the Caledo-
nian kings, had retired to a hill alone, as he
himself was to resume the command of the ar-
my the next day. Starvo might have some in-
telligence of the king's retiring, which occasions
his request to Swaran, to stab him; as he fore-
saw, by his art of divination, that he could not
overcome him in open battle.

hawks rush from all their winds. They are
wont to trace my course: it is not harmless
thro' war.

Burning rose the rage of the king. He
thrice raised his gleaming spear. But starting,
he spared his son; and rushed into the night.

— By Turthor's stream a cave is dark, the
dwelling of Conban-carglas. There he laid the
helmet of kings, and called the maid of Lulan,
but she was distant far, in Loda's resounding
hall.

Swelling in his rage, he strode, to where
Fingal lay alone. The king was laid on his
shield, on his own secret hill. — Stern
hunter of shaggy boars, no feeble maid is laid
before thee: no boy, on his ferny bed, by
Turthor's murmuring stream. Here is spread
the couch of the mighty, from which they rise
to deeds of death. Hunter of shaggy boars,
awaken not the terrible.

Starno came murmuring on. Fingal arose
in arms. "Who art thou, son of night?" Si-
lent he threw the spear. They mixed their
gloomy strife. The shield of Starno fell, cleft
in twain. He is bound to an oak. The early
beam

beam arose. — Then Fingal beheld the king of Gormal. He rolled a while his silent eyes. He thought of other days, when white-bosomed Agandecca moved like the music of songs. — He loosed the thong from his hands. — Son of Annir, he said, retire. Retire to Gormal of shells: a beam, that was set, returns. I remember thy white-bosomed daughter; — dreadful king, away! — Go to thy troubled dwelling, cloudy foe of the lovely! Let the stranger shun thee, thou gloomy in the hall!

A tale of the times of old!

5 N059

OINA - MORUL:

A

P O E M.

A R G U M E N T.

After an address to Malvina, the daughter of Toscar, Ossian proceeds to relate his own expedition to Fuärfed, an island of Scandinavia. — Mal-orchol, king of Fuärfed, being hard pressed in war, by Ton-thormod, chief of Sar-drönlo, (who had demanded, in vain, the daughter of Mal-orchol in marriage) Fingal sent Ossian to his aid. — Ossian, on the day after his arrival, came to battle with Ton-thormod, and took him prisoner. — Mal-orchol offers his daughter Oina-mórlu to Ossian; but he, discovering her passion for Ton-thormod, generously surrenders her to her lover, and brings about a reconciliation between the two kings.



OINA - MORUL:

A

P O E M.

As flies the unconstant sun, over Larmon's grassy hill; so pass the tales of old, along my soul, by night. When bards are removed to their place; when harps are hung in Selma's hall; then comes a voice to Ossian, and awakes his soul. It is the voice of years that are gone: they roll before me, with all their deeds. I seize the tales, as they pass, and pour them forth in song. Nor a troubled stream is the song of the king, it is like the rising of music from Lutha of the strings. — Lutha of many strings, not silent are streamy rocks, when the white hands of Malvina move upon the harp. — Light of the shadowy thoughts, that fly across my soul, daughter of Toscar of helmets, wilt thou not hear the song! We call back, maid of Lutha, the years that have rolled away.

It was in the days of the king *), while yet my locks were young, that I marked Con-cathlin **), on high, from ocean's nightly wave. My course was towards the isle of Fuärfed, woody dweller of seas. Fingal had sent me to the aid of Mal-orchol, king of Fuärfed wild:

*) Fingal.

**) Con-cathlin, *mild beam of the wave*. What star was so called of old, is not easily ascertained. Some now distinguish the pole-star by that name. A song, which is still in repute, among the sea-faring part of the Highlanders, alludes to this passage of Ossian. The author commends the knowledge of Ossian in sea-affairs, a merit, which, perhaps, few of us moderns will allow him, or any in the age in which he lived. —

One thing is certain, that the Caledonians often made their way thro' the dangerous and tempestuous seas of Scandinavia; which is more, perhaps, than the more polished nations, subsisting in those times, dared to venture. —

In estimating the degree of knowledge of arts among the antients, we ought not to bring it into comparison with the improvements of modern times. Our advantages over them proceed more from accident, than any merit of ours. —

wild: for war was around him, and our fathers had met, at the feast.

In Col-coiled, I bound my sails, and sent my sword to Mal-orchol of shells. He knew the signal of Albin, and his joy arose. He came from his own high hall, and seized my hand in grief. "Why comes the race of heroes to a falling king? Ton-thormod of many spears is the chief of wavy Sar-drónlo. He saw and loved my daughter, white-bosomed Oina-mórul. He fought; I denied the maid: for our fathers had been foes. — He came, with battle, to Fuärfed. My people are rolled away. — Why comes the race of heroes to a falling king?"

I come not, I said, to look, like a boy, on the strife. Fingal remembers Mal-orchol, and his hall for strangers. From his waves, the warrior descended, on thy woody isle. Thou wert no cloud before him. Thy feast was spread with songs. For this my sword shall rise; and thy foes perhaps may fail. — Our friends are not forgot in their danger, tho' distant is our land.

Son of the daring Trenmor, thy words are like the voice of Cruth-loda, when he speaks,

from his parting cloud, strong dweller of the sky! Many have rejoiced at my feast; but they all have forgot Mal-orchol. I have looked towards all the winds, but no white sails were seen. — But steel *) resounds in my hall; and not the joyful shells, — Come to my dwell-

*) There is a severe satire couched in this expression, against the guests of Mal-orchol. Had his feast been still spread, had joy continued in his hall, his former parasites would not have failed to resort to him. But as the time of festivity was past, their attendance also ceased. The sentiments of a certain old bard are agreeable to this observation. He, poetically, compares a great man to a fire kindled in a desert place. "Those that pay court to him, says he, are rolling large around him, like the smoke about the fire. This smoke gives the fire a great appearance at a distance, but it is but an empty vapour itself, and varying its form at every breeze. When the trunk, which supports the fire, is consumed, the smoke departs on all the winds. So the flatterers forsake their chief, when his power declines." I have chosen to give a paraphrase, rather than a translation, of this passage; as the original is verbose and forthy, notwithstanding of the sentimental merit of the author. — He was one of the less antient bards, and their compo-

dwelling, race of heroes; dark-skirted night is near. Hear the voice of songs, from the maid of Fuärfed wild.

We went, On the harp arose the white hands of Oina-móru. She waked her own sad tale, from every trembling string. I stood in silence; for bright in her locks was the daughter of many isles. Her eyes were like two stars, looking forward thro' a rushing shower. The mariner marks them on high, and blesses the lovely beams. — With morning we rushed to battle, to Tormul's resounding stream: the foe moved to the sound of Ton-thormod's bossy shield. From wing to wing the strife was mixed: I met the chief of Sar-drónlo. Wide flew his broken steel. I seized the king in fight. I gave his hand, bound fast with thongs, to Mal-orchol, the giver of shells. Joy rose at the feast of Fuärfed, for the foe had failed. — Ton-thormod turned his face away, from Oina-morul of isles.

Son of Fingal, begun Mal-orchol, not forgot shalt thou pass from me. A light shall dwell

compositions are not nervous enough to bear a literal translation.

dwelt in thy ship. Oina - mórul of slow-rolling eyes. She shall kindle gladness, along thy mighty soul. Nor unheeded shall the maid move in Selma, thro' the dwelling of kings.

In the hall I lay in night. Mine eyes were half-closed in sleep. Soft music came to mine ear: it was like the rising breeze, that whirls, at first, the thistle's beard; then flies, dark-shadowy, over the grass. It was the maid of Fuärfed wild: she raised the nightly song; for she knew that my soul was a stream, that flowed at pleasant sounds.

Who looks, she said, from his rock, on ocean's closing mist? His long locks, like the raven's wing, are wandering on the blast. Stately are his steps in grief. The tears are in his eyes. His manly breast is heaving over his bursting soul. — Retire, I am distant far; a wanderer in lands unknown. Tho' the race of kings are around me, yet my soul is dark. — Why have our fathers been foes, Tenthormod love of maids!

Soft voice of the streamy isle, why dost thou mourn by night? the race of daring Tremor are not the dark in soul. Thou shalt not wander,

wander, by streams unknown, blue-eyed Oinamóru. — Within this bosom is a voice; it comes not to other ears: it bids Ossian hear the hapless, in their hour of woe. — Retire, soft finger by night; Ton-thormod shall not mourn on his rock.

With morning I loosed the king. I gave the long-haired maid. Mal-orchol heard my words, in the midst of his echoing halls. — “King of Fúärfed wild, why should Ton-thormod mourn? He is of the race of heroes, and a flame in war. Your fathers have been foes, but now their dim ghosts rejoice in death. They stretch their arms of mist to the same shell in Loda. Forget their rage, ye warriors; it was the cloud of other years.” —

Such were the deeds of Ossian, while yet his locks were young: tho’ loveliness, with a robe of beams, clothed the daughter of many isles. — We call back, maid of Lutha, the years that have rolled away!

I have been thinking of you very much lately, and
 wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are
 well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but
 I have managed to find some time to write to you.
 I have been thinking of you very much lately, and
 wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are
 well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but
 I have managed to find some time to write to you.

COLNIA

COLNA-DONA:

A

P O E M.

A R G U M E N T.

Fingal dispatches Ossian and Toscar, to raise a stone, on the banks of the stream of Cróna, to perpetuate the memory of a victory, which he had obtained in that place. When they were employed in that work, Carul, a neighbouring chief, invited them to a feast. — They went: and Toscar fell desperately in love with Colna-dona, the daughter of Car-ul. Colna-dona became no less enamoured of Toscar. An incident, at a hunting-party, brings their loves to a happy issue.

COLNA-DONA:

A

P O E M.

*) **C**ol-amon of troubled streams, dark wanderer of distant vales, I behold thy course, between trees, near Car-ul's echoing halls.

*) Colna-dona signifies *the love of heroes*. Col-amon, *narrow river*. Car-ul, *dark-eyed*. Col-amon, the residence of Car-ul, was in the neighbourhood of Agricola's wall, towards the south. Car-ul seems to have been of the race of those Britons, who are distinguished by the name of Maiatæ, by the writers of Rome. Maiatæ is derived from two Galic words, *Mor*, a plain, and *AITICH*, inhabitants; so that the signification of Maiatæ is, *the inhabitants of the plain country*; a name given to the Britons, who were settled in the Low-lands, in contradistinction to the Caledonians, (i. e. CAEL-DON, *the Gauls*).

halls. There dwelt bright Colna-dona, the daughter of the king. Her eyes were rolling stars; her arms were white as the foam of streams. Her breast rose slowly to fight, like ocean's heaving wave. Her soul was a stream of light. — Who, among the maids, was like the love of heroes?

Beneath the voice of the king, we moved to Crona *) of the streams, Tolscar of grassy Lutha,

Gauls of the hills) who were possessed of the more mountainous division of North-Britain.

*) Crona, *murmuring*, was the name of a small stream, which discharged itself in the river Carron. It is often mentioned by Ossian, and the scenes of many of his poems are on its banks. — The enemies, whom Fingal defeated here, are not mentioned. They were, probably, the provincial Britons. That tract of country between the Firths of Forth and Clyde has been, thro' all antiquity, famous for battles and rencounters, between the different nations, who were possessed of North- and South-Britain. Stirling, a town situated there, derives its name from that very circumstance. It is a corruption of the Galic name, STRILA, i. e. *the hill, or rock, of contention*.

Lutha, and Ossian, young in fields. Three bards attended with songs. Three bossy shields were born before us: for we were to rear the stone, in memory of the past. By Crona's mossy course, Fingal had scattered his foes: he had rolled away the strangers, like a troubled sea. We came to the place of renown: from the mountains descended night. I tore an oak from its hill, and raised a flame on high. I bade my fathers to look down, from the clouds of their hall; for, at the fame of their race, they brighten in the wind.

I took a stone from the stream, amidst the song of bards. The blood of Fingal's foes hung curdled in its ooze. Beneath, I placed, at intervals, three bosses from the shields of foes, as rose or fell the sound of Ullin's nightly song. Toscar laid a dagger in earth, a mail of sounding steel. We raised the mould around the stone, and bade it speak to other years.

Oozy daughter of streams, that now art reared on high, speak to the feeble, o stone, after Selma's race have failed! — Prone, from the stormy night, the traveller shall lay him, by thy side: thy whistling moss shall sound in his dreams; the years that were past shall re-
M turn,

turn. — Battles rise before him, blue-shielded kings descend to war: the darkened moon looks from heaven, on the troubled field. — He shall burst, with morning, from dreams, and see the tombs of warriors round. He shall ask about the stone, and the aged will reply, "This grey stone was raised by Ossian, a chief of other years!"

*) From Col-amon came a bard, from Car-ul, the friend of strangers. He bade us to the feast of kings, to the dwelling of bright Colna-

*) The manners of the Britons and Caledonians were so similar, in the days of Ossian, that there can be no doubt, that they were originally the same people, and descended from those Gauls who first possessed themselves of South-Britain, and gradually migrated. This hypothesis is more rational than the idle fables of ill-informed fenachies, who bring the Caledonians from distant countries. The bare opinion of Tacitus, (which, by-the-bye, was only founded on a similarity of the personal figure of the Caledonians to the Germans of his own time) tho' it has staggered some learned men, is not sufficient to make us believe, that the antient inhabitants of North-Britain were a German colony. A discussion of
a point

Colna-dona. We went to the hall of harps.
There Car-ul brightened between his aged locks,
when he beheld the sons of his friends, like
two young trees with their leaves.

Sons of the mighty, he said, ye bring back
the days of old, when first I descended from
waves, on Selma's streamy vale. I pursued
Duth-mocarglos, dweller of ocean's wind. Our
fathers had been foes, we met by Clutha's wind-
ing waters. He fled, along the sea, and my
sails were spread behind him. — Night de-
ceived me, on the deep. I came to the dwell-
ing of kings, to Selma of high-bosomed maids.
— Fingal came forth with his bards, and
Conloch, arm of death. I feasted three days
in the hall, and saw the blue eyes of Erin,
Ros-crana, daughter of heroes, light of Cor-
mac's race. — Nor forgot did my steps de-
part: the kings gave their shields to Car-ul;
they

a point like this might be curious, but could
never be satisfactory. Periods so distant are so
involved in obscurity, that nothing certain can
be now advanced concerning them. The light
which the Roman writers hold forth, is too feeble
to guide us to the truth, thro' the darkness
which has surrounded it.

they hang, on high, in Col-amon, in memory of the past. — Sons of the daring kings, ye bring back the days of old,

Car-ul placed the oak of feasts. He took two bosses from our shields. He laid them in earth, beneath a stone, to speak to the hero's race. "When battle, said the king, shall roar, and our sons are to meet in wrath; my race shall look, perhaps, on this stone, when they prepare the spear. — Have not our fathers met in peace? they will say; and lay aside the shield."

Night came down. In her long locks moved the daughter of Car-ul. Mixed with the harp arose the voice of white-armed Colna-dona. — Toscar darkened in his place, before the love of heroes. She came on his troubled soul, like a beam to the dark-heaving ocean: when it bursts from a cloud, and brightens the foamy side of a wave *).

* * * * *

With

*) Here an episode is intirely lost; or, at least, is handed down so imperfectly, that it does not deserve a place in the poem.

With morning we awaked the woods; and
hung forward on the path of the roes. They
fell by their wonted streams. We returned thro'
Crona's vale. From the wood a youth came
forward, with a shield and pointless spear.
"Whence, said Toscar of Lutha, is the flying
beam? Dwells there peace at Col-amon, round
bright Colna-dona of harps?"

By Col-amon of streams, said the youth,
bright Colna-dona dwelt. She dwelt; but her
course is now in desarts, with the son of the
king; he that seized her soul, as it wandered
thro' the hall.

Stranger of tales, said Toscar, hast thou
marked the warrior's course? He must fall, —
give thou that bossy shield! — In wrath he
took the shield. Fair behind it heaved the
breasts of a maid, white as the bosom of a
swan, rising on swift-rolling waves. It was
Colna-dona of harps, the daughter of the king.
— Her blue eyes had rolled on Toscar, and
her love arose.

ADVICE.

With meaning & awe the woods and
 pine toward the north of the
 hill & toward the south of the
 canyon, from the wood & growth came
 a low, steady, & plaintive
 wailing of the "Lonesome" in the
 distance, a wailing about the Col-
 umbian & the "Lonesome" in the

The first of these is the fact that the
 second of these is the fact that the
 third of these is the fact that the
 fourth of these is the fact that the
 fifth of these is the fact that the
 sixth of these is the fact that the
 seventh of these is the fact that the
 eighth of these is the fact that the
 ninth of these is the fact that the
 tenth of these is the fact that the

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5 NO 59

A D V I C E.

Instead of the specimen of Temora's original, subjoined to the English edition; (because it would be of little use for German readers;) the Editor is supplying here the want of an *Index*, which seems to be much more necessary for the understanding of Names and Things most remarkable, in Ossian's poems and Mr. Macpherson's Notes, together with the Dissertations prefixed to this abundant source of Gaelic Antiquities.

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